

# THE BELL RINGER

Vol. 29, No. 5

MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

June, 1973



Left to right, Armour, Wells, Oldham, Small, Lequire

## EDITORS SELECTED

### Bell Ringer

In-chief: Chris Armour, Peter Oldham  
News: Dan Earthman, Phil Ownbey  
Sports: Jim Harrison (News), Randy Bibb (Features)  
Copy: Jimmy Wallace  
Circulation: John Peterson  
Arts: Rupert Palmer  
Features: Joel Koenig  
Photography: John Rebrovick

### Bell

In-chief: Alan Lequire, David Small, David Wells  
Sports: Lee Thornton  
Business: Will Long  
Copy: Ron Sims  
Features: Peter Oldham

## OFFICERS ELECTED; ELAM TO HEAD SC

### Student Council:

Pres.—John Elam  
Vice-pres.—Steve Holt  
Secr.—Charles Benneyworth  
Treas.—David Small

### Junior Class:

Pres.—Jimmy Chandler  
Vice-pres.—Phil Ownbey  
Secr.—Todd Scantlebury  
Treas.—Hugh Entrekin

### Sophomore Class:

Pres.—Brad Hooker  
Vice-pres.—Ken Witt  
Secr.—Freddy McLaughlin

### Treas.—Joe Allen

### Honor Council:

Pres.—Marc Stengel  
Vice-pres.—Scott Brittain  
Secr.—Walter Morgan  
Treas.—Todd Baker

### Junior Class representatives:

Bob Toah  
Morgan Crawford  
Gerry Goertz

### Sophomore Class representatives:

John Rebrovick  
Monty Ferry

## Six Awarded Scholarships

Several MBA students and alumni have been offered merit scholarships for the coming academic year.

Those honored include graduating seniors Brock Baker, Rick Ownbey, and Stanley Scroggin, as well as alumni Barrett Sutton, '69, Gordon Peerman, '69, and Billy Frist, '70.

Brock Baker was one of three students in Nashville to receive a one thousand dollar National Merit Scholarship. This fall, Brock will attend the University of North Carolina in the Honor Program.

Rick Ownbey was one of seven students nationally to receive a six thousand dollar National Award to the University of Virginia. He will enter next year in the Echols Scholar program.

Stanley Scroggin was offered a four hundred dollar National Merit Scholarship to Georgia Tech. He decided, however, that "Georgia Tech was not the school" for him and will attend Tennessee Tech next fall on an academic scholarship.

Barrett Sutton, class of '69, won the three year, five thousand dollar a year, Patrick Wilson Scholarship at Vanderbilt Law School.

Also, Barrett is one of ten students in the university category to win a National Collegiate Athletic Association Outstanding Student-Athlete Scholarship. Barrett is the first Vanderbilt student to win this thousand dollar postgraduate award, "epitomizing the student-athlete."

Gordon Peerman, class of '69, was awarded the Rockefeller Brothers Theological Scholarship. After graduation from the University of Virginia, Gordon will attend Yale Divinity School next fall.

Attending the Woodrow Wilson School of Princeton University, Billy Frist, class of '70, won the William Du Bose Memorial Prize Scholarship for the Junior class. This prize will allow him to research his senior thesis abroad this summer. Billy's forty-five page paper on Southeast Asia carried the only "A" in the school.

## Mrs. Greene Honored by Radcliffe

Mrs. Phoebe Greene, M.B.A.'s reading teacher, will be honored June 16 with the Alumnae Recognition Award given by her alma mater, Radcliffe College.

After graduation from Radcliffe, Mrs. Greene utilized her degree in Fine Arts by serving for a time as assistant to the curator of prints of the Cleveland Museum of Art and later as a teacher of art history at the Winsor and May schools in Boston.

Her marriage to Dr. Theodore Greene, a graduate of Harvard Medical School, was followed by a trip to China, where they served as missionaries under the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United

States. In all, the Greene family spent nearly twenty years of service in China. Mrs. Greene's teaching experience was extended in China and, for a brief time, in India.

The Greenses returned to the United States in 1950, and Dr. Greene became deeply involved in the problem of Negro health care. In 1957, after teaching anatomy at Cornell and Johns Hopkins Medical Schools, he joined the faculty of Meharry Medical School of Nashville in order to help correct the critical shortage of Negro physicians. Dr. Greene retired in 1971 and is now in the process of writing two books.

Mrs. Greene has, for the past

twenty years, specialized in remedial reading. She has served M.B.A. and the community in the capacity of reading teacher since 1958.

The Alumnae Recognition Award is presented annually to "a woman who by the quality of her life and spirit exemplifies what the liberal arts education hopes to achieve." Also receiving the award this year is Ms. Elizabeth Holtzman, who last year became one of the few female members of the House of Representatives in a nationally publicized campaign against long-time incumbent Emanuel Celler of New York.

## Students Display Remarkable Talents

### by Bob Toah

Yes, it was nothing short of incredible: Wallace Hall full of cheering MBA gentlemen et al. on a Friday night, with their peers on stage, singing and playing guitars and bass fiddles and drums, and even striking a defenseless marimba. The spectacle was the first annual MBA Talent Show, a momentous event enjoyed by participants and audience.

The first of the eleven acts presented was Tommy Treadway's fine vocals and guitar playing. He showed a style when he sang and played that will be refined once he clears a few rough places in his guitar playing. While he did a very good job singing "Here Comes the Sun," he tended to rush the vocals for "Denny's Song" as he was doing some great guitar work.

The music played by Robert Dale, and Mark Brown was bluegrass, and some really nice bluegrass at that. Their playing was confused in "Foggy Mountain Breakdown," but that was remedied by fine guitar and banjo work in their version of "Dueling Banjos." "Rocky Top" came off very smoothly, and Mark really shined playing banjo in "Earl's Breakdown." Good guitar and bass fiddle licks by Robert and Dale provided fine backup for Mark's banjo.

Bill Hodge and Bill Delvaux then took the stage to sing two Simon and Garfunkel songs accompanied by Delvaux's piano. Either Hodge is a very powerful singer, or the microphone was too loud: he was deafening and uncontrolled at times, sometimes hiding Delvaux's fainter voice. But any lack in balance or vocal finesse in "Sounds of Silence" and "Bridge over Troubled Waters" was countered by Delvaux's superb keyboard playing.

A definite change of pace came way of a marimba, delicately tapped by Joel Koenig. Joel had trouble keeping his timing accurate, and at some points he was fumbling for the right note, but his playing was nonetheless incredibly different and very entertaining. The high point of his performance was "Somewhere My Love," which he played with two—yes, two—sticks in one hand.

The fifth act featured Will Ransom tinkling the ivories with immense style and skill. The audience was pretty distracting as



Ransom "tickles" to first

he first took the stage, but he managed to quiet the rabble and soothe the savage MBA beast with some mighty fine classical pieces. He certainly was very relaxed and calm, although stylized at times: "Maple Leaf Rag" was an extreme case of a slightly stilted style. Nevertheless, for quality, Ransom had the finest act of the evening.

The scene changed to the mystical regions of the unexplained as David Wells displayed a magic act that he has perfected through countless performances at birthday parties and other assorted places. But while the sophisticated MBA crowd tried not to be baffled by Wells' magic, they were puzzled by his sticking pins in balloons and changing the color of bunny rabbits. The audience then asserted itself by counting the scarfs he pulled from the magic box.

Tommy Treadway reappeared with Joe Davis to do a spoof on "Rocky Raccoon," complete with cowboy hats and one-note harmonica, and made the girls in the audience go wild. Then he donned a guitar, and they began to play "Steamroller Blues." Joe playing some pretty mean blues. After Joe switched to a banjo, they played "Old Man," with fine vocals by Treadway.

Rupert Palmer then brought culture to the MBA stage with a reading of his poetry. After telling about yellow cows and study hall seats, he recited "Flushing Joints," a very interesting and amusing poem. He received a standing ovation of four.

Allen Ziehr and Ken Frasure

took up guitars and began playing very well. Although Ziehr's vocals were fairly rough in "If . . ." their good electric guitar work came off nicely.

Joe Davis later came back of stage with Warren Johnson, who was a surprisingly good picker in "Joe's Song," which was, naturally, Joe's song. Joe was original and quite skillful with his guitar.

The final act consisted of Steve Allen on 12-string and David Matthews on 6-string guitar, with Charles Benneyworth accompanying on flute. All three showed great style on "Teach the People," a song Matthews wrote and which he sang very well. They all played "Old Atlantic Standby" with very nice capability and smoothness.

The master of ceremonies, Gil Templeton, became Superdrummer for a new group called Truckin', which played during the judging with Davis and Mahanes on guitar, Todd Scantlebury on bass, and Johnny Parker on sax. All of them played with nice style and skill, except for Parker, who sadly needed a microphone. The high point of the performance came when Templeton began striking his drums while jumping up and down, exciting the audience greatly.

Finally the judges decided on the winners, and the results of the first MBA Talent Show were announced: Will Ransom tying for first with Allen, Matthews, and Benneyworth; and the Browns winning third place.



He's no Ian Anderson, but . . .



## THE BELL RINGER

Editors-in-chief ..... Webb Earthman  
Rick Ownbey  
News Editor ..... John Brooks  
Sports Editor ..... Paul DeWitt  
Features Editor ..... Morgan Entrekin  
Photography Editor ..... Bill Alderson  
Arts Editor ..... Rupert Palmer  
Business Editor ..... David Wells  
Copy and Circulation Editors ..... David Cassell  
Howard Frost

### Election Reform Needed

by Peter Oldham

The recent elections held by the junior class for next year's senior officers proved once again the need for a better electoral process at MBA. The election was full of contradiction and popularly-elected students, as usual.

This year, the junior class was, at first, very serious about the election. An attempt at forming a party was successful at the beginning, but the party failed to glue its support together for the election.

The party was formed two weeks prior to the election and an agreement by its members to support the party's nominees in the election was reached. However, one student defected and campaigned by telephone for the presidency of the student council, thus starting an internal party struggle.

The party's nominee for the office sat back and was confident of his chances. After all, everyone in the party was "under oath" to vote for him. The only views presented prior to election time were those presented by the defector.

Many votes, including mine, were changed by one ten-minute phone call in which the candidate talked about his stand and answered questions. The campaigner, John Elam, won the presidency.

Immediately following Elam's election, one of the main party leaders cried that campaigning did not have its place at MBA. Yet Elam, previously a longshot, had successfully obtained a majority of votes simply by talking to people ahead of time. This campaign proves one fallacy in the electoral process here: candidates have no time to present platforms.

In MBA elections, a class meeting is scheduled one morning and three class periods are allotted for this meeting. In this time, students are nominated, talked about positively by one student, then elected. No negative views about the student are allowed, hence no debate. The only other alternative for deciding how to vote is popularity.

A class meeting should be held at least one week prior to the elections. At this time, nominations would be taken for the various offices, and in the following week, the nominees would conduct a campaign aimed at earning support.

Dividing the elections into the two categories, nominations and elections, would eliminate several things. The main thing the division would eliminate is the usual rush near the end of the elections that sometimes causes students who are not qualified to be nominated and even elected. Another thing that would be eliminated would be the quick, unsure vote. Popularity decisions would be reduced, at least by those students who are open-minded and intelligent enough to evaluate the candidates.

Class officers serve the school for a whole year. It makes sense that more than three class periods (150 minutes) are needed in order to make sure that qualified, respected students are elected.

### MBA Found Wanting

## WHERE THE GIRLS ARE NOT

by Tom Delvaux

M.B.A. does prepare us as gentlemen, scholars, and athletes but it does not prepare us to deal adequately with 50% of the population: namely, women.

What possible reason could anyone or any institution have to keep men and women apart? Well, the authorities at the so-called "all-boy" schools, such as M.B.A., seem to deem it necessary. The Laws of Nature have prescribed that men and women live together, although not necessarily in harmony. On the other hand, the Laws of M.B.A. have prescribed that men and women live apart, supposedly for the sake of harmony. For unknown reasons, the administration must believe that the presence of females would commence a widespread crumbling of our hilltop Academy.

What could be some reasons for this sexual segregation? Perhaps it is the continuation of the idea that women belong in the home with the children, and consequently, do not need an education. Possibly our situation could be an institutionalization of the idea that women are subordinate to men, thus not deserving an education. Or perhaps it is a vestige of a chivalric tradition, passed to us by way of the Old South. In this instance, women are canonized and thus alienated from men in order to achieve a pure or spiritual love. Clearly, all these reasons are easily seen to be decadent, out-of-date traditions in the world of today.

A school's reason for being an all-boys school is the consequential distraction from studies that would result in a co-ed school. Indeed, this is a valid reason, but implementing this reason through

separation causes an unnatural, unbalanced existence, totally unrealistic to the real world of men and women, living and working together. Sexual distractions exist everywhere, hiding from them doesn't accomplish anything. The added attention to studies resulting from an all-boys environment is completely outweighed by the lack of understanding of women. They are different, not only physically but mentally and emotionally. Knowledge of this difference gives one a new perspective toward life and new knowledge, which can only be learned through added attention to studies.

Furthermore, relationships with women (girls, if you prefer) are a natural way to achieve purpose and meaning in one's life. For these relationships to be meaningful, however, they must be built on day-to-day contact, in

order that the facades and safeguards that all of us have to protect our fragile position can be replaced with a greater sense of communication and understanding. Communication is difficult. It is even more difficult between male and female. With an all-male school, there is no true understanding, indeed, an ignorance of girls, which often reduces communication to a shallow, meaningless level.

Whatever the reason for the "all-boys" schools, the effects arising from this situation are latent but devastating. Alienation from the opposite sex often produces the "Weekend Warrior Syndrome" or, more precisely, the individual who over-compensates on week-ends for his monastic weekday life. He over-compensates by engaging in bacchanalian delights and social games. On the other hand, the

shy, diffident student must expose himself in order to fraternize with girls. He is "open" season for scheming matchmakers whose practical jokes through "blind" dates reflect their own personalities. Furthermore, alienation results in a preoccupation with the physical aspects of women. Since there is no day-to-day communication between the sexes, girls are thought of as objects, not people (pardon the hackneyed phrase). In summary, our present system of an "all-boys" school is an unnatural state, totally unrealistic with the goals of this or any school which is to prepare young adults for life.

To some, my proposal that M.B.A. become a co-educational school, posthaste, may seem drastic, perhaps even revolutionary. But to me, this proposal seems the only natural and sane action to take.

## Freedom of Press Is An Important Right

by Chris Armour

"Congress shall make no law... abridging the freedom of the press"—the Bill of Rights.

"Congress shall make no law... abridging the freedom of the press, but any judge can compel a reporter to reveal his sources under threat of imprisonment"—the "new" Bill of Rights, according to the various judges.

The problem of the protection of a reporter's sources and overall freedom of the press is again coming to the foreground as, almost daily, newspapermen and other media personnel are being jailed for refusal to reveal sources.

Peter Bridge, a reporter for the now defunct Newark News, was just recently released after three weeks imprisonment for his refusal to enlarge upon his story on civic corruption. William Farr of the Los Angeles Times was jailed indefinitely after refusing to disclose sources in his investigation of the Charles Manson trial. Closer to home, Memphis talk show host Harry Thornton is now on trial in connection with an on-the-air telephone call from a city official concerning corruption. The Chicago Tribune alone has had over 350 subpoenas issued against reporters since 1968.

The basic problems in this conflict is the reporter's concern for the protection of his sources. A great many news stories, especially of the investigative type, come from informants who talk to reporters only on a guarantee of anonymity. If this supply of news sources were to be stifled, the newspaper would lose much of its effectiveness in

the supply of important information. Said one reporter: "We might as well go to printing society news on the front page."

The furnishing of information to the public is vital. Senator Sam Ervin (D., N.C.) has said: "A press which is not free to gather news... cannot play its role meaningfully... the people need information. If the sources are limited to official spokesmen, the people have no means of evaluating the worth of the politicians' promises and assurances." A newspaper has the solemn duty to be the "watch dog" of the government. This is the primary reason freedom of the press was written into the Constitution. Otherwise, a "Big Brother" type state could easily develop. Remember Winston Smith's job in 1984?

Opponents of this shielding of informants have said that there has been no harm to any great degree. But in the past year, two TV networks have turned down exclusives on welfare cheating and an interview with the Black Panthers because the executives felt they could not guarantee anonymity. New York Times reporter Earl Caldwell, arrested in 1970, says that now "sources are shying away from him." "People are now afraid of tape recorders," he went on. "It (the arrest) has had a chilling effect on my ability to function as a reporter."

Another reason for the lack of adequate "shield law" for reporters has been the claim that no one should have rights over and above those of the average citizen. But again, this argument has not held up. In many states

priests are not required to report on confessions; doctors and lawyers usually cannot report on confidences from their patients or clients.

There have been as many as 60 different sponsors of various types of shield laws presented in the Congress as well as in the Tennessee legislature. Senator Ervin, the chairman of the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, has begun a series of hearings on just how broad reporter's privileges should be.

Almost certainly, the only type of bill Congress would possibly pass would be a "qualified-shield," where a reporter is limited in the protection of his sources. Senator Ervin has introduced such a bill which grants immunity unless there is "actual personal knowledge which tends to prove or disprove the commission of a crime charged or being investigated."

Newsman, however, are asking for an unqualified law. They feel that any other type would remain detrimental to their reporting because every case would still be arguable. The two basic problems would be the definition of who actually constitutes a reporter and also the abuse of this privilege. What almost everyone has agreed on is that there is a pressing need for some type of shield law to guarantee the confidentiality of newsmen's sources. It could also restrain a big business from quashing a Ralph Nader-type report. But in order that the news media be able to perform their duty to the people, there must be a change.

## Maybe They Should Bite

by Willie Mann

From the beginning of time (the seventh grade), the class election process at MBA has been a travesty. Everyone seems to realize this fact since the term "popularity contest," used in reference to our elections, has become a cliché.

The typical class election consists mainly of noise, usually in the form of laughter or jeering, demerits, an occasional outburst

by a tongue-tied breast-beater, and reems of those obsolete Cain-Sloan forms. On these business-looking shards, the scrawls are made which determine who will be the next secretary. Just what is a secretary? What does he do? No matter, on with the election. The process soon becomes more mechanical than democratic. The atmosphere is marked by dalliance. Yawns replace laughter.

The prerequisite for the future

officer is "Does everyone like him?" A majority, anyway. The word "like" in this context does not connote bonds of affection but rather a toleration for the candidate; is he inoffensive? Does he shoot his mouth off? Has he ever harmed me? These questions are the criteria for the composite "good guy"; and as we all know, "good guys" make good officers, don't they? Well they won't bite, anyway.



# Resolutions, Newspaper in Retrospect

## Editorial note:

An earlier edition of the *Bell Ringer* included articles and features which collectively aroused one of the greatest controversies at MBA in recent years. The controversial materials were: (1) the text of the Student Council Resolutions; (2) a mock-Swiftian satire of MBA's disciplinary system, penned by Morgan Entekin and entitled "A Modest Proposal"; (3) an editorial by Rick Ownbey critical of the administration's attitude toward student government.

Ripples from the controversy have extended beyond MBA's campus. After an unauthorized reprinting of Entekin's satire in Battle Ground Academy's newspaper *The Wildcat*, the administration of that school apparently suspended publication of the newspaper for the remainder of the year. Several students then responded with an "underground" newspaper, *The Mildcat*.

The following comments represent a wide spectrum of opinion on the issues involved in this series of incidents. Some were submitted voluntarily; others were solicited by the *Bell Ringer* from those known to have strong feelings on the matter. On one hand, some defend the absolute right of the students to express freely their opinions and to question the rules which govern them. On the other hand there are those who suggest that both the resolutions and the editorials were presented in an undiplomatic, if not rude, and uncompromising fashion.

The *Bell Ringer* is pleased to present both sides of this debate.

## Journalism vs. Advertisement

by Willie Mann

"The students press should be considered a learning device. Its pages should not be looked upon as an official image of the school, always required to present a polished appearance to the extramural world."

"Academic Freedom in the Secondary Schools"

Published by the American Civil Liberties Union

Among the sound and the fury which arose in reaction to Morgan Entekin's article "A Modest Proposal", I noticed one singularly disquieting rumble. This rumble questioned the *raison d'être* of the *Bell Ringer* by suggesting that one of the main functions of the paper is to advertise our school.

The term "journalism" includes gathering (by reporters), evaluating (by editors), and disseminating (through various media) of facts of current interest, while the term "advertising" refers to the telling people about and praising a product, as through newspapers, usually so as to get them to buy. Although both terms relate to the public, they are diametrically opposed in every other aspect. Their juxtaposition on the printed page is the closest they should ever come to one another.

If such an attempt at commercialism is made by "grooming" the sentiments which go into the paper, a situation will arise in which appearance will triumph over reality. In other words, the true image of the school will be overshadowed by a narrow-minded interpretation of a few, this interpretation being the "correct" and "proper" image, of course. And what would be this

"correct" and "proper" image? It would reflect a place where everyone is "happy", where everything is green all year round, and where 2+2=5. In other words, 1984 revisited.

In the case of an article which is of an obscene or libelous nature, the article should not be printed. This situation would exemplify the opposite end of the spectrum as opposed to advertising, and should be treated with equal distaste. But who discerns the nuances involved in declaring a libel? Was the author motivated by malice or was he actuated by a good motive in pursuit of a justifiable end? Who would determine this? Someone with a conscience, I hope.

In summary, Montgomery Bell Academy has more to lose than to gain by employing penny-ante, 5th Avenue tactics in the publication of the *Bell Ringer*.

## Extremism Repudiated

by Rupert Palmer

Starting with the very conception of Morgan Entekin's "Modest Proposal," the conflict between the reformists in the student council and the administration has been characterized by irrationality and extremism. Mr. Entekin's article was conceived in a spirit of desperate abandon, and whatever its value as satire, it was certainly ill-timed and calculated to produce reaction. The resolutions of the student council themselves, though at times vague and general, were put forth, I believe, in the best spirit of reform and improvement, but the manner in which they were presented was definitely offensive to the administration: they were presented as demands or at least necessities, and the council insisted that 95% of the student body was behind them. Compounded with the vitriol of Mr. Ownbey, who made the colossal faux pas of asking "Has anyone ever seen a Student Council constitution," and Mr. Entekin's cutting satire, the resolutions seemed (or actually were) an attempt to drive the administration into the corner.

The administration responded immediately with rigid enforcement of hair regulations and hinted at stricter rules on hair and dress for next fall. The resolutions were generally criticized, but faculty committees were formed to discuss them. Then a supporter of the administration replied in an anonymous *Bell Ringer* article, asserting that 95% of the students are satisfied with the school (yet still remaining anonymous) for a long list of reasons, some obvious, some fictitious, and some irrelevant.

In all probability, there are fringes of about 5% each which are totally satisfied with the school but want to "improve" it. The spirit of compromise which should result from this situation, however, is stifled by the stratification into armed camps begun by Mr. Entekin's article.

## Year of Infamy?

by Mark Kelly

The 1972-73 school year has been filled with the ever-popular issue of change. The Student Council has proposed several resolutions to accomplish what they feel are needed improvements.

From many local reactions, it would appear that the graduating class of 1973 has been the first class to find fault with MBA or the need for criticism. This I seriously doubt.

What does seem to make this year unique is that the student grievances have been formally gathered and presented, and essential communication between student body and administration hopefully has been established. While the conflict between tradition and change, between conservative ideas and liberal ideas, between much of the older generation and much of the younger generation continues, I feel it is about time people look objectively at just what is happening.

Students at Montgomery Bell are trying to take part in the activities of their school. They have found weak points in the school as only students are able, and they have revealed these faults. The students are not trying to destroy the ideals of MBA but to construct what to them is vital to a successful educational environment. The need for these "revolutionary" resolutions can be heatedly argued for hour upon hour, but the intentions behind these proposals should not be condemned. Can 1973 be called a year of infamy? Hardly.

## A Question Of Honor

by John Brooks

Honor, discipline, honesty, responsibility—inspiring words—but troubling words when used by some of M.B.A.'s most sincere and loyal supporters to denounce student disagreement with school policy.

"These students who disagree so loudly are only harming the school," some supporters say. "If they had any sense of honor and loyalty to M.B.A., they'd go along with the rules without complaining so much. And isn't some discipline a good thing? It'll help them when they're on their own."

"Besides they don't have to come here, and plenty of responsible people would be happy to take their place." The supporters seem to feel that honor, discipline, and responsibility are compatible only with a general acceptance of status quo policy.

Scholastics, athletics, extracurricular activities, and support of athletic teams are undoubtedly means of expression of student loyalty. But they are not the only means.

Honor and courage are as much found in honest disagreement with library restrictions as they are in intense play on the baseball or football field. A positive examination of the hair and dress codes requires as much discipline and responsibility as a discussion of ideas in English literature. Fighting for curriculum reform and supporting the athletic teams both require genuine school spirit.

It's not that M.B.A. has any rules against open student disagreement: any student can legally express his views to Mr. Carter or to any member of the faculty, a point Mr. Carter has clearly made.

Student opinion is, nevertheless, restricted by the influence of an unnecessarily limited view of M.B.A.'s ideals—a view which many loyal supporters unfortunately hold, often without realizing its limitations. Because of this view a student who objects too

much to school policy, be his argument constructive or not, is often seen as less loyal, responsible, positive, and disciplined than the student who says "Yes!" in agreement with every school rule or an unfelt reaction.

Any kind of intolerance of positive ideas has only negative results and is harmful to the school. Students easily become apathetic, disillusioned about their chance to contribute fully to M.B.A.'s betterment. They feel free to succeed scholastically and athletically, but their desire to contribute to constructive change is implicitly, but effectively, discouraged. Because their positive energy is thus negated, students are ironically more prone to negative and destructive approaches devoid of merit.

Many supporters think that, in their disagreement with M.B.A. policy, students are demonstrating a hate for the Hill and a preference for other schools. In general, this idea is not true: for most students, a vocal desire to give students more responsibility is based as much on loyalty to the school as is the Board of Trust's desire to raise money.

Another fear is that students will break the rules and policies if they are encouraged to discuss their pros and cons openly and freely. I suggest that such active discussion would instead increase adherence to regulations with which students have more direct and positive involvement.

I advocate no concrete measures for improvement, for I denounce no specific rules. Rather, I am concerned about the unnecessarily restricted view of M.B.A.'s ideals which many who believe in the school hold. This restricted view discourages student involvement in constructive change on the Hill and creates apathy and negativism among its students.

M.B.A. is an extremely good school—far better, in general, than any school in the area—indeed, than most in the nation. It has definite potential for continued betterment. Its students are a part of that potential. When her ideals of honor, discipline, honesty, and responsibility are used to encourage open and constructive discussion of school policies among students, between students and faculty, and between students and administration—debate of their pros and cons, and methods of enforcement—when her ideals are so used, M.B.A. will move towards further greatness.

## Last Thoughts

by Morgan Entekin

I've been asked to write something about the Student Council Resolves or about the infamous PAPER—one or the other seems to have triggered rumblings heard throughout our MBA community, in and out of Nashville, I've personally heard comments that are mostly good—the criticisms I seem to get only second hand.

Well, instead of writing about one or the other (maybe one is the other), I'm going to write about neither.

The S. C. Resolves seem to be such an innovation in the MBA system of government; yet, according to our Constitution, the Student Council should have been doing something of this sort for as long as it has existed. The function of the S.C. is, and I quote: "to provide a forum for student expression . . . to serve as a liaison between the student body and the faculty as an effective representation

of the desires and wishes of all students. . . ." But whether past Student Councils were willing to air student complaints or not, someone should have done it. Well, I guess that's expecting a little too much. You can't actually ask people to stand up for what they believe, can you? At least at MBA you can't. You see, at MBA the students are either apathetic or afraid, or maybe both. But now I'm over-generalizing and I'm over-criticizing, so I'd better just shut up.

As for our paper, I'm afraid several articles were interpreted wrongly—especially by certain individuals outside of MBA. I respect the administration here for being as objective as they were in allowing freedom of expression, and I hope students will continue to use that freedom and appreciate it.

Before I leave the Hill, I can't resist leaving you a few pearls of wisdom I've picked up along the way. My attitudes toward the school have varied extensively—thumbing through past writings I encounter outbursts about "age racism," about "the grey spectre of dissent," and about a few other things that are better off disintegrating into dust in old notebooks and old drawers.

I've loved MBA, I've hated MBA, and I've been indifferent—the worst of all. In leaving, I can only look back over six years full of opportunities gained and lost, full of experiences which I've had and ones I never had, and I can offer this advice: MBA is the best educational opportunity for high school students in the area. The student body is as a whole more intelligent than that of any other school. But I plead with you, don't allow MBA to stagnate and decay. It can and should be improved and changed. But fight for a change for the better, not for the worse, and don't allow yourself to get lost in advocating change merely for the sake of change. Speak loudly if necessary, but don't be fooled by useless cries against wind. And most importantly, don't let me, or anyone else, tell you what to do or what to think—follow yourself, because you're a better judge than I am.

## Grievances Poorly Presented

by Brock Baker

Few occurrences in the past several years have shaken up MBA so much as the controversy over the Student Council Resolves. Following are a few observations, in hindsight, concerning the Resolves.

Having talked with and knowing personally the members of the Student Council, I am certain that every member had the improvement of the school in mind. In no way was any member of the Council trying to tear down the school or its institutions. The Council was trying its best to actively serve a purpose, by presenting the problems and complaints of the students and serving as a liaison between students and administration. This is the duty of the Council as stated in its Constitution.

Unfortunately several circumstances almost precluded any chance for significant passage of the resolves by administration and faculty. In any undertaking of such major import involving substantial change, every step should be taken to insure that the case in question is as airtight and well-presented as possible, since

(cont. on page 7)



# POETRY FROM THE BLUE GUITAR

Poems by Edie Wenzel

No one knows now  
How wonderful  
It is to  
Swing, smile, and drift  
Into a  
New being;  
Myself  
Back before  
I forgot how it was;  
Nice, happy  
But it helps  
If someone's there  
To smile too.

It's strange how  
Everyone knows  
What I am  
Why I do things  
What I believe  
But it's funny;  
I never told them  
Because.  
I don't know (for sure)  
Anyway  
It wouldn't matter  
To them.  
Because  
They already know  
What they think

★ ★ ★

(Only)

If I were a balloon  
I'd be;  
Breaking from the knot  
Ascending in clear space  
Free whirling, whirling  
Through clouds and sky  
High . . . floating high  
Alone  
And free.  
If I were a waterdrop  
I'd be;  
Breaking from the cloud  
Falling past the earth  
In running drips  
Caught by a stream and  
Rushed past me  
Swept by a wave  
Under the grass  
Sucked down into the  
Warm earth  
Sinking  
Sinking  
Sinking . . .

★ ★ ★

Do you think  
If I open  
My mouth  
Wide enough  
All the words  
Would  
Burst out?  
Someone  
Please catch them  
And  
Help me sort out  
The right ones to  
Put back in  
Quick come quick  
Can't you hear me?  
Never mind because  
They're out  
But had no net  
Instead, are clinging  
To me  
And returning  
Inside—again  
For a  
Long long  
Time.

THOUGHTS ON THE RACING OF RATS

Vanity of vanities, says the Preacher,  
vanity of vanities!  
All is vanity.

Ecclesiastes 1:2

I have stumbled on the concrete trails  
I have walked across the paths of cars  
In the shadows of steel mountains.

I have been jostled by the masses  
I have bumped into the businessmen.

I have been served slop in cafes  
And cheated by shopkeepers.

I have been given account numbers beyond count-  
ing

For categorizing humans and placing them in files.  
They said they wanted my name for their records;  
They said I would have an identity..

I cannot tell you who I am:  
I always forget the numbers.

But I never forget a face.

Yes, those faces have told me a great deal.  
They have told me what to do and how to do it.  
They have told me who, where, where, how much,  
which one.  
Their voices ring with authority, and they say  
With high-toned graveness, "I know; do as I say."

As a good Obeayer of Orders, I do their will  
And I have no Right to damage their words of law.  
I may just state the most innocuous queries.  
Questions not impeding the Progress of man.  
But I have questions emerging in my soul,  
In my heart, asking them, "Why?"

They never answer.

They chide me with panegyrics and credos  
Of Franklin, Jefferson, Lincoln, Lee, and Ford.  
I tend to believe in the lessons and warnings of  
Prophets.

Look at them! the buildings! How they lean!  
Oh, no, you cannot possibly see their lean,  
Their tilt. But I can tell you, they will fall.

Look at them! the people! How they age!  
And you say, they are healthy, they are strong;  
But I know they are dying. All men die.

Look at them! their spirits! They will fail.  
You say their coinage shows their trust in God;  
I see the false idols in their hearts glaring.

Remember then what you were given and what  
you were taught.

Hold to these things and repent. If you refuse to  
wake up, then I will come to you like a thief, and  
you will have no idea of the hour of my coming.

Revelation 3:13

—Robert Tosh

FOR EZRA POUND

From shower stall this poet writes;  
For three years out of key with his time,  
Maundering, now philosopher, gazed through  
A perfect crystal window.

His aim was to find his star,  
One of many constellations—i.e. the existentialist  
nebula—

And to follow it thru life.

But now I gaze thru window same,  
And all I see is the mildew on shower curtains.

And I enjoy my shower  
Because the water will not come forever.

—Joel Koenig

PICTURE OF A MORNING CYNIC

Feet on Fourth in the midst of midday  
Move in near-staccato pace:  
Clipelopclipelopclipelop they move.

Meeting with the board Ohmygod my break is over  
gotta git dis ordah in on timetimetime HEY BOY  
rush this contract to 1307NationalLifeBuilding  
they say.

But there was no go-getting at six A.M.;  
The town was not hauling in first gear, it idled in  
first.

The man could not find bliss in a snail-pace day,  
A molasses morning, when only junkmen and do-  
mestics roamed the streets,

Searching for their tasks. This Cynic did not search.

He breathed in pollution, walked on broken glass,  
And cursed as the sun squinted his eyes.

—Robert Tosh

LIVE AND LEARN, I ALWAYS SAY

The day was not too kind to him;  
It taunted him, it gave some nips.  
He tried to protest, but it snapped back  
With vengeance. He resigned to it  
For he was very tired and worn.

Evening was pleasant, as evenings go:  
A dry martini; three calm cigarettes;  
A heart-burning dinner, cooked by the wife;  
The afternoon newspaper, which was  
So liberal that it caused ulcers.  
Or did her dinners start ulcers?  
No thoughts on that. He still loved her,  
And he doesn't think much this late

Yet he did have a thought, when the nighttime  
was deep.

He searched in his closet wine cellar for some  
vintage Port

Which he saved for presidents, kings, or for numer-  
ous special occasions.

He turned on the gas fire and quickly decanted the  
Port

As he rummaged his thoughts for intellectual  
works

Which were in the bookshelf. He lifted his oldest  
edition,

A mildewed, leather-bound copy of *Walden* by  
Thoreau.

So he read. He read most of the book, cramming  
words in his mind,

A mind that he thought was not to think much this  
late.

The Port he drank was working. He felt very  
drowsy;

But he read more pages, crammed more words  
in his mind,

Until the words began to flow as ice blocks.

Words changed from words into images, thousands  
of pictures,

And he sensed that this was not reading, but sleep-  
ing.

He then felt contentment, thought that sleeping  
was better,

And deeply slept, with *Walden* and Port by his  
side.

—Robert Tosh

COMMENT

What horrible deeds have taken place within  
This isolated shrine?

Somewhere there is, where few can find,  
A temple with a vault containing the Muse's  
diadem

Its infinite walls are line with all  
Nameless children, never born,  
The paintings never to be created.

Sing their songs unwritten,  
About imaginary people and their imaginary  
crimes

Such as love or hate of indifference.

But black is white and what will be (and won't)

Is no better than what exists.

The yin and yang are constant.

—Joel Koenig



## Your Wise Men Don't Know

by Don Dubuison

Please don't spoil my day,  
I'm miles away,  
And after all, I'm only sleeping.  
Keeping an eye on the world  
going by my window,  
Taking my time, lying there  
and staring at the ceiling,  
Waiting for a sleepy feeling.

John Lennon  
and Paul McCartney

Click.  
Heh? Turn off that light! I'm too weary to move. . . . And shut up that kid over there! He's bothering everyone. Imagine, crying and whimpering like that at his age—he must be at least sixteen. I tell you, when I was at that age, you would never catch me crying. No sir, my father would beat the hell out of me if I did. My father. . . now that sure was a hell of a man. He'd wake up every morning—with a hang-over from the night before—and he would go out into the fields and work like a horse trying to raise a good crop. Later on, about six o'clock in the evening, he would go into town and have a ball. I mean a real ball. He would get drunk as the lord would let him and come home about midnight. He would come in and sleep it off: yes sir, what a man—a good man. He'd go to church with me and the family every Sunday—he was a good man. I really admired my father—Aw damn it! Them crazy black ants are crawling all around in my hair—damn little critters. I used to go hunting with my pa just walking through the woods with a dog and a gun. If I ever was to see a hill of those black ants, I'd be quick to jump on them and kick the loose dirt around in the grass. It sure was fun. I sure had some good times with that old dog—he was an old hound with loose skin, big floppy

ears, and always had a couple of big fat blood-sucking ticks chewing on the hide around his neck. He used to try to sneak up and sniff at the mud caked on my shoes. When he did, I would kick the ole bastard in the throat and I would laugh and laugh until the middle of next Thursday. Yes sir, I sure would. Damn these old sheets; they're so stiff and yellow. I sure loved that old dog, I did. . . .

Just look outside—it's snowing. I hate the snow. During Christmas time my daddy would never buy a Christmas tree or anything like that. We didn't need it. We never had a big turkey dinner with hot rolls with butter oozing out the sides, or cornbread dressing that clung to the roof of your mouth, or smooth, chilling eggnog. We didn't want it. We would just go to church, and we'd come home and dad would go out and get drunk just like every other day. I broke into the school one time where it was all dark and cold. I turned the light on in Mrs. Bishop's fourth grade classroom, and I stared at the huge Christmas tree. It was all decorated with little shiny things that glistened in the light, and long strings of popcorn and cranberries choked its laughing sides. Boy, it sure was a sight to behold. Beneath the massive, green boughs there were lots of presents, cookies, and a big fat Santa Claus with a red suit and a fluffy bear—whiter than the virgin snow that lay out in the quiet darkness. Oh, how I hate the snow. I crept up behind the desk and pulled some matches out of a drawer. I then sent a flame racing for the tree and its Christmas goodies. Oh, was that the prettiest flame ever! It was all red and yellow, and orange, and brought warmth to that little classroom. Of course daddy beat me for what I did.

Oh, when is that punk going to shut up?!! I was working on the fence on the south-side of our farm—I was mending a hole that a wandering cow had made during the night. While I was busily working, the neighbor's girl came over. Her name was Mary Sue. She was fifteen and well-equipped. But her folks were considered richer than mine; she lived in a huge white house with black shutters and she had her very own horse. Her house was serenely located on a sixty acre lot that was surrounded by a long white fence. It was fun to run along beside the fence and thrust a stick between the boards and hear the quick, dry sound—clock, clock. She came strutting over with her nose scraping the clouds and she started to talk about her horse. I ignored her and she grew impatient. So she jumped over the fence, revealing her freshly washed underwear, and began to speak to me. All of the sudden, I reached over and kissed her on the mouth. She jerked back and slapped me. The pain came quick, but it soon melted into a warm, glowing, red spot on my left cheek. I felt triumphant. Oh damn it! When are you going to turn out those lights and let me get some sleep?

Between the wired screens the wind whistled a mournful tune. And the old man's eyes glistened and seemed to laugh as the nurse in her freshly washed and neatly pressed uniform passed by his bed to shut the window. Her one size too small shoes squeaked violently on the freshly waxed floor as she hurried about. She turned to a nearby orderly with jet black hair nicely greased back with some cheap hair tonic, and she commanded, "Alright, Jason, get these devils out of their beds so you can wax these awful floors!"

# PROSE FROM THE BLUE GUITAR

## Link (A Story of The South)

by Bill Harbison

The land where Mr. Rinks walked was brown. It was a hilly land where cedar and locust flourished and rocks stuck through the dry soil like old bones. There were farms here, separated by barbed wire, each with its carefully preserved '62 Ford and its abandoned Chevrolts with grass growing from the trunks in a field.

The highway was fairly new. It had been constructed as if the builders had a fear of curved lines, the straightness of the road varying little in spite of the many creeks and hills which had been half blasted away for the roadbed.

It was because of the newness of the road that Mr. Rinks did not always find himself looking at the front of a farmhouse; many faced the old road which still followed Spit Creek, and thus were turned sideways or backwards to the new one.

Mr. Rinks did not see the first sign of a person until the houses began to run closer together and a few stores with new, shiny fronts and old dirty bodies began to dot the roadside. The reason for this absence of people was probably that it was late Sunday afternoon, and the country was full of True Churches of Jesus where it was a sin to miss prayer meeting.

In front of Bob and Marbe's Ice Cream and Hamburger, Mr. Rinks paused, eyed the blue and white porcelain exterior, and walked on. A pickup truck passed him going the other way. It had once been painted some color by the factory, but was now sprayed shiny gold. It was shinier in some places than in others because the paint had been sprayed on thicker there. He passed the city limit sign:

Entering the City of Harmon

"The Dimple of the Universe"

### WELCOME

Mr. Rinks passed the Dollar General Store and the Western Auto Store and then he could walk on the sidewalk. He had to walk through the square and out toward the other side of town before he found what he was looking for: Square Deal Sam's Used Car Lot. Mr. Rink's eyes were keen; he saw right away what he wanted. He headed for the back of the lot.

A man with an extremely long cigarette in his mouth intercepted him. Together, they walked toward an old Ford pickup. After they had talked for a few minutes, Mr. Rinks got in and started the engine, then turned it off and got out. He took some money out of his wallet and gave it to the man, got into the truck, and drove out through the tangle of other deals into the street.

He headed back through town on the same street he had just walked on. It gave him a great feeling of superiority to be riding where once he had walked. He pulled over in front of the Western Auto Store. After he had turned off the ignition, the truck made a noise.

Inside the store, there was a girl with a scar on her neck sitting behind a cash register eating roasted peanuts out of a bag under the counter. She had on a red uniform and a white apron with her name, Anice, stitched on it in red. Mr. Rinks walked up the far right aisle toward a sign which said PAINT. After hunting for a minute, he picked up eight twelve-ounce cans of gold spray enamel and took them back to Anice. He paid her for them, and she gave them back to him in a brown paper bag stapled shut with his receipt showing on the outside and fastened with the same staple.

Mr. Rinks started his truck back up, turned around by backing into the wrong lane of traffic, and again went through town past the car lot. Very shortly, he passed the last service station and the city limit sign. Farm houses and fences began to reappear.

The road was the same as it had been before, but now the landscape went by in a blur because he was going so much faster. He glanced down at the seat beside him at the brown paper bag with a look that approached affection.

Suddenly, the truck jerked to a stop with a sign bent down beneath it so that the top could barely be read from the driver's seat. The historical marker, for that was what it was, was on a thick metal pole which now occupied that part of the truck where a vital part of the engine had rested. Mr. Rinks could only read:

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### HOOD'S RETREAT

He slumped over the steering wheel, sobbing bitterly, utterly destroyed.

## You Could've Been A Star If You'd Only Cut Your Hair

by Don Dubuison

Glass is glass and a broken mirror can still cut your feet. Grass remains grass; you are still you. You may eat a peach and roll up your sleeves. You can read all you want of Jesus, Buddha, Marta, Geta, and Muhammad. You may discover everything about I-Ching, Tarrot, ESP, Yoga, and the mysteries of freeze-dried coffee. But you are still you.

You may wander into the court of the King of Jazz and the Queen of Soul while Sgt. Peppers unconsciously ushers in Lady Jane. Your mind may stray while you focus on Dr. Freud brushing his decayed molars or Houdini frantically pulling a monkey off his

back. Read! Study! Discover! Gaze at all! Marvel all you want while Archimedes instructs Casanova in the fine art of exploring the surface area of erected cones, spheres, cylinders, and the all-wondrous isosceles triangle. You may read and probe 'till your inards heave. You may waste-away forever in all the structural heavens of worship(?) You may pretend you know it all—'till fools and jesters weep. You may be practiced at the art of deception, but consider this: If you sit in a strawberry field for half your life, does that make you a strawberry?

On the street, half-dazed faces, crazed by the longing to go back

in time and relive, cry out for things that never existed. They say, "All we want is to be able to dance on a sawdust floor, walk across the street in two dollar pants, and snap our fingers to the music of Dorsey, Goodman, and James." Their minds are craving to swing on the porch of the girl up the street, drink Coca-Colas at the ball park, and exhale a breath of Pall Malls unfiltered.

But you laugh your peculiar remarks and scoff at these people. And if they happen to ask you how you eat your soup, you pause, consider the correct answer (according to Amy Vanderbilt; you have all her volumes!) and answer: "Why, with a golden-plated fork of course."

## Dialogues From "The Apollo"

by Peter Jacobson

"Hey feels good up here."  
"Yeah, nice lift-off like computer work."  
"Pretty soon we'll have to make the first course adjustment. And those poor people will think we've been to the moon. Heh. But . . . you know . . . I . . . I wonder if it's such a good idea."

"What's a good idea?"  
"To make people believe all this rot about moon-rocks."  
"They believe it themselves."

"But we supply the information."  
"What the hell, I'm hungry hand me a tube of fried chicken."  
"Roger."  
"Delicious."  
"But the Apollo program must have a point somewhere."  
"Sure, it keeps the people happy. You know, contented, anti-change. And that's what keeps us where we are."  
"Righto. . . . But if you were one of the people, what would you do if you found out the Apollo program was a brainwash pro-

gram? That the rocket that goes up into the atmosphere is never seen again—after we've let it through a secret exit to underneath the launching pad? That the radar tracking stations work for us too? That the splashdown in the Pacific is a fairy tale? Wouldn't you agitate for reform, revolution, anarchy, even for cut-off funds for the space program?"  
"Look, that will never happen—no one will ever know. That's why we're here—to preserve their willing suspension of disbelief."





Young conducts classes informally

## Five Teachers Leave To Seek New Fields

by Peter Oldham

At the end of this year MBA is regretfully losing five fine teachers. Each teacher has decided to move on to another field, and each leaves invaluable knowledge to the students who have been fortunate enough to study under him.

The *Bell Ringer* interviewed these five to find out how they feel about the school and about leaving it.

T. D. Young is leaving after four years of teaching freshman and sophomore English. After originally planning to stay here only two years, Mr. Young is now leaving to get his Ph.D. at the University of North Carolina.

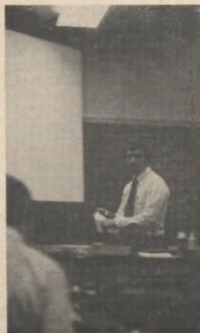
Mr. Young enjoyed his years at MBA. He "couldn't imagine finding a stronger intellectual climate in which to teach." Acknowledging that the school has a good faculty and administration, he goes on to say that "it's the student in the classroom that makes MBA what it is."

Asked about changes in the school recently, Mr. Young says he believes that MBA has grown more liberal in a conservative way in his four years. He points out that representation and individuality mean more now. As a result, the students mutually accept each other, and there is little emphasis on fraternities any more.

Sam Turner is departing after four years of teaching also. Mr. Turner's contributions to freshman and junior English and economics students are immeasurable. He plans to attend law school at the University of Virginia.

Mr. Turner has "really gotten a lot out of teaching here." He concedes that MBA is the place to teach on the high school level and says that the students are as good as college level students.

Questioned about changes, Mr. Turner asserted that the faculty and administration have a lot to learn about educational process



Rust teaches biology class

from the students. He contends that more ear should be lent to students and to recent graduates because they are the future alumni and parents of students.

Mr. Turner says that since he has been here, the students have become more serious academically, at least in English. He seems to think that this seriousness might be attributed to the slight curriculum broadening in recent years, a broadening that he thinks has not been sufficient.

Mr. Turner reiterates that MBA should not be afraid of change, for standing still can cause trouble.

Malcolm Rust leaves the science department after four years as biology teacher. He plans to expand his private business and to become a more involved partner in the business. He also plans to "enjoy life in a relaxed atmosphere."

Mr. Rust has gotten a lot of personal satisfaction from teaching and working with MBA boys. He has also enjoyed watching younger boys grow and mature into young men before graduating from MBA.

Mr. Rust can see no noticeable changes in the school. He points out that the same techniques of communication are being used as when he first came here. He says that there must be better communication between the administration and faculty, faculty and students, and students and the administration. The present lack of communication could possibly hurt future relations with alumni and parents. Mr. Rust believes that the faculty needs more voice in decision making. He also feels that the faculty should have more freedom to work for any reasonable idea presented by a student.

Jamie Tillman is ending his seven year association with MBA. He has coached freshman football, varsity baseball, and varsity and junior varsity basketball. He coached last year's baseball team to the state championship.

He has taught Algebra I, Geometry, and Senior Math in his years here.

Mr. Tillman plans to enter business with Tennessee Pipe and Supply Company. He has mixed emotions about leaving MBA and entering business. He always wanted to teach and says that there could not be a better school than MBA. He has looked forward to every day while teaching.

On the other hand, Mr. Tillman has also always wanted to prove himself in business. He feels like he would be cheating himself if he did not try a business. He says that if he is unhappy in his new venture, he might return to teaching here.

Mr. Tillman believes that the

Again this year, almost nine-tenths of the senior class has decided to go to school in the South, with half attending school in Tennessee.

An amazing 89%—65 of the 73 seniors—will stay close to home, with 33% attending Vanderbilt and 15% going to other Tennessee schools such as UT, Southwestern and Sewanee. The number of students choosing the University of North Carolina and the University of Virginia, perennial out-of-state favorites, remained about the same with 13% choosing UNC and 8% going to Virginia.

Approximately 200 applications were made to 50 colleges. There were 114 acceptances and 13 students were placed on waiting lists, according to Mr. Carter.

The '73 class will be represented at 22 different colleges. But the senior class remains fairly undiversified in college choices since almost two-thirds will be attending only five colleges. Half of the colleges selected will have only one student from MBA.

While the trends remained more or less the same as last year, there was a three per cent decrease in the number of seniors planning to attend Vanderbilt from last year; however, there was an increase in students remaining in Tennessee.

Two schools of somewhat higher academic reputation, Stanford and Princeton, will have two students each.

### College selections are:

Vanderbilt—24  
Bill Alderson

physical changes at the school reflect the national change. However, he points out that people are still people and they contain the same needs and desires that they have always had. He, too, believes that the students now are more outspoken than before.



Marlow hands out test

Hope Marlow is leaving the science department after five years of teaching Chem-Phys, Physics, and Chemistry. She was in charge of the department during Mr. Meriwether's two year absence.

Mrs. Marlow has enjoyed teaching the students and subjects here. She plans now to return to the Metro school system.

She does not see much change in the school in the last five years. She sees a need for more student and faculty voice. She also would like to see more communication between the faculty and the administration. She believes that the faculty should be more powerful to help the students than it now is.

The loss of these five teachers will be felt by the school and especially by the students who had them in class.

## Students Decide on Colleges

by Chris Armour

Steve Allen  
Scott Brooks  
Tom Cummings  
Ken Frasure  
Frank Garrison  
Chip Gill  
Jim Hamilton  
David Hibbits  
Vernon Hutton  
Tim Isenhour  
Dick Jones  
Dick Klausner  
Chris McClure  
Bill Orand  
Tommy Patterson  
Garnett Reid  
Steve Roberts  
Bill Shell  
Sam Tinsley  
Peter van Eys  
Tim Vaughn  
John Wampler  
Kelly Wright

University of North Carolina—9

Brock Baker  
James Brown  
David Cassell  
Tom Delvaux  
Bill Harbison  
Paul DeWitt  
John Eakin  
Mark Kelly  
Jimmy Milam

University of Virginia—6

Jerry Brannon  
Webb Earthman  
Howard Frost  
David McAllister  
Jon Nesbitt  
Rick Ownbey

Southwestern—5

Paul Buchanan  
Billy Matthews  
David Matthews  
Rob Ramsey  
Bill Van Cleave

Emory—4

Gary Barkley  
Tom Callaway  
Mike Cohen  
Frank Smith

University of Tennessee—3

Dudley Creighton  
Tom Loventhal  
John McGaw

Tulane—3

Ran Batson  
Tim Douglas  
Steve Moll

Auburn—2

Steve Summers  
Spence Sutton

Princeton—2

Sam Fentress  
Vaden Lackey

University of the South—2

Greg McNair  
Mark Parsons

Stanford—2

John Brooks  
Morgan Entekin

Others—11

Duke—Edwards Park  
Duke—Steve Markham  
Georgia—John Bow  
University of Kentucky—Al Marsh  
Kenyon—Bill Parker  
McGill—Doug Paschall  
Murray State—Joe Fall  
University of New Mexico—Thany Mann  
Tenn. Tech—Stanley Scroggin  
William & Mary—Andy Stumb  
Williams—Peter Jacobson

Geographic Distribution

South—65-89% of class  
Tennessee—35-49%  
Nashville—24-33%  
North—5-7%  
West—3-4%



Turner graphs microeconomics

## MBA ACQUIRES THREE NEW TEACHERS FOR NEXT YEAR

by Peter Oldham

Three teachers have already been accepted to fill vacant posts. These three all come with fine recommendations and will certainly add a lot to the school.

Tom Webb comes to MBA from the University of North Carolina. He is an English major and will teach that subject here next year. Mr. Webb graduated from Baylor School in Chattanooga. He was co-captain of the soccer team and also played football and baseball.

Charles Alexander has been teaching at Webb School in Bell Buckle, the school from which he graduated. He attended Harvard and graduated *Magna Cum Laude* in his major, economics. He

minored in math and science and is qualified to teach any subject except foreign languages.

While teaching at Webb, Mr. Alexander was also an assistant coach in basketball and baseball. He helped in drama, forensics, and the newspaper.

John Reed graduated from MBA in 1963, where he played tennis and basketball. He then attended the University of the South.

Mr. Reed is capable of teaching both history and English, his major. He has been teaching English recently at Ensworth.

The addition of these three men will certainly benefit MBA's long-standing tradition of fine faculty members.





It is a sin to be silent when it  
is your duty to protest.

Abraham Lincoln

Blue Guitar

by Morgan Entrekin

Backlash-backlash-backlash-rehash of past problems. It seems that this year there will be no Blue Guitar. What a shame.

Although the first issue, which came out last year, was well received by parents, alumni, and students, the literary lights of the Hill will have to look elsewhere to find an outlet for their creative efforts. The problem is primarily one of money. Last year, Mrs. LeQuire collected about \$500 from various sources, but the magazine actually cost \$1100. Therefore, Mr. Carter decided for financial reasons that our literary magazine should be an "occasional" publication.

I can understand Mr. Carter's position, and (as always) there is probably more to the case than I am aware of, but can't we find money for a literary magazine somewhere? (The lack of any formal creative writing class is the only weakness I can see in our otherwise strong English department. But at least we could offer creative students some outlet in the form of a literary publication.)

I'm surprised that MBA hasn't had a literary magazine before now. In all other areas, we seem to be so concerned about being a leader, yet almost every school I know of has had some kind of literary publication for years. It is especially tragic when one considers all the surplus talent we have here—both with teachers and students. We seem so concerned about developing that talent in some areas; yet, we neglect some other very essential areas. Creative writing is an exercise of a free-thinking mind, and it is an exercise which we need more of at MBA.

This year we had the poems, stories, articles, and art works all prepared. We had the teachers and students willing to expend the time and energy necessary for the project. The only thing lacking was money. I only wish money were always our only problem, and I hope that in the future years someone will find a way to publish the Blue Guitar annually.

## Brock Baker's Views on Resolutions

(cont. from page 3)

the case obviously will be subjected to every kind of close scrutiny and criticism. I believe that the Student Council made several errors in this respect which caused the Resolves to lose much force which they might have had.

First, the Student Council should have made sure that it was to present a unified front throughout. Those members of the Council who eventually disclaimed support of the resolves, despite the fact of unanimity on the Council initially, are to be blamed for not having made their position clear from the start.

Second, the Council failed to consistently give the exact nature of its methods, beliefs, and suggestions. To illustrate: the frequent inference was drawn by many that the Council believed that a majority of the student body actively desired the changes as presented in the Resolves. In Resolve #1 it was asserted that an "overwhelming majority of the students" disagreed strongly on the hair question. Later repudiations of the Resolves by many students proved these statements to be in error. The Student Council went out on a limb of student support, without checking to determine exactly how much support they did have, and when this limb crumbled, the Resolves once again lost a lot of force. The case would have been stronger had the Council stated accurately and consistently what it was presenting: its own ideas, and the ideas and complaints of only those students who had spoken out, hardly a majority of the student body.

A third mistake of the Student

working within the existing system for change, it chose to publish the Resolves on the front page of the Bell Ringer, a move which seemed intended to force the issue, hardly the expected move of a "liaison." An unforeseen development was the undeniable, if somewhat exaggerated by the administration, damage done to MBA. This development prejudiced Mr. Carter and certain faculty against the Resolves from the start. Secondly, the President of the Student Council refused to comply with the existing hair rule, a move which is fine and perhaps admirable as a point of one's personal code, but a disastrous move as far as achieving change, since it, too, prejudiced certain faculty against the Resolves.

A lack of unified action on the Council, a failure to consistently and accurately designate the extent of student support, a decision to employ more forceful methods before even acquainting the faculty and Mr. Carter with the proceedings these factors severely hampered the chances of the Student Council Resolves. A seemingly unreasonably biased faculty and a tendency on the part of the administration to resist change and to take affairs too personally also stacked the odds against the Resolves.

But if it seems that the majority of the criticism here is directed toward the Student Council, so be it: the Council initiated the proceedings, and the responsibility for seeing that their case had the greatest possible chance for success lay squarely with them. The Council failed in certain areas because of not enough

Council was that, instead of careful planning and foresight, and thus the Resolves suffered. This is not to condemn the Student Council; they faced an extremely difficult task, assumed by themselves in execution of their duties, and did their best to carry it out. The Council is to be praised, for, more than any other Council in recent years, they took definite and extensive action to perform their duty and to improve the school. They saw the need for change that exists in any institution, including MBA, and acted in what they perceived to be the best interests of the school and the student body.

I will not discuss the validity of the specific ideas in the Resolves, as their fates have been decided in various committees. Hopefully a Student Council contemplating similar action next year, or in future years, will benefit from the experience of this year's Council, and will make substantial and beneficial progress at MBA.

## WORDFEST SUCCESS

by Rupert Palmer

On Friday, March 31, a group of MBA students attended the Wordfest program—a contest for creative writing sponsored by Belmont College.

After a series of writing seminars, and excellent dramatization of T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*, and address by poet Hollis Summers, the winners were announced. MBA, with only 15 entries, received six awards.

In the senior high division, David McAlister won third place in poetry for "Driftwood" and Rupert Palmer received second place in the one-act play competition for "The Pilgrim on Loan." Peter Jacobson was awarded third place in essays for his theme "Man's Remote Kinship with Savagery: A Study of Heart of Darkness as an Imaginative Union Between the Ancient World and the Modern One." Andy Stumb received an honorable mention in art for a pencil self-portrait.

In the junior high division, Kenneth Witt received second place in essays for "Hail Marys Are Easier to Say than Our Fathers," a theme on *The Old Man and the Sea*, and Bob Bolster obtained second place for his short story "A Fear of the Dark."

Next year MBA hopes to generate more interest in the contest and to enter more works in every category.

## A COMPREHENSIVE HOUR TEST

Adapted from an adaptation from the ReMarker (Tex.)

by Dan Muznyka

### Instructions:

Read each question carefully. Answer all questions. Time limit, 1 hour. Begin immediately.

### 1) Medicine

You have been provided with a razor blade, a piece of gauze, and a bottle of Scotch. Remove your appendix. Do not suture until your work has been inspected. You have 15 minutes.

### 2) History

Describe the history of the papacy from its origins to the present day, concentrating especially but not exclusively on its social, economic, religious, and philosophical impact on Europe, Asia, America and Africa. Be brief, concise, and specific.

### 3) Public Speaking

Two thousand drug-crazed aborigines are storming the classroom. Calm them. You may use any ancient language except Latin and Greek.

### 4) Biology

Create Life. Estimate the differences in subsequent human culture if this form of life had developed 500 million years earlier, with special attention to its probable effects on the English parliamentary system.

### 5) Music

Write a piano concerto. Orchestrate and perform it with flute and drum. You will find a piano under your seat.

### 6) Engineering

The disassembled parts of a high powered rifle have been placed in a box on your desk. You will also find an instruction manual printed in Swahili. In 10 minutes a hungry bengal tiger

will be admitted to the room. Take whatever action you feel is appropriate.

### 7) Sociology

What sociological problems might accompany the end of the world? Construct an experiment to test your theory.

### 8) Management Science

Define management. Define Science. How do they relate? Create a generalized algorithm to optimize all managerial decisions. Assuming an I130 CPU supporting 50 terminals, each terminal to activate your algorithm, devise the communications interface and all necessary control problems.

### 9) Psychology

There is a red telephone on the desk beside you. Start World War III. Report at length on its sociopolitical effects if any.

Based on your knowledge of their works, evaluate the emotional stability, degree of adjustment and repressed frustrations of each: Alexander of Aphrodisias, Ramesses II, Gregory of Nicusa, Hammurabi; support your evaluation with quotations from each man's work. It is not necessary to translate.

### 10) Political Science

Develop a realistic plan for refinancing the national debt. Trace the possible effects of your

### 11) Economics

plan on these areas: Cubism, Donatist controversy, the wave theory of light.

12) Physics

Explain the nature of matter. Include in your answer an evaluation of the impact of the development of mathematics on science.

### 13) Philosophy

Sketch the development of human thought; estimate its significance. Compare with the development of any other kind of thought.

### 14) General Knowledge

Describe in detail, briefly.

### 15) EXTRA CREDIT

Define the universe; give three examples.

## TULL TOPS POP POLL

by Steve Holt and Joe Collier

What the recent concert still fresh in everyone's mind, Jethro Tull dominated the voting in MBA's own version of the Play-boy "Jazz and Pop Poll." In addition to being voted best rock group of 1972, Tull's "Thick As A Brick" was named best album; their prancing leader Ian Anderson was voted first as both a songwriter and a flutist; and guitarist Martin Barre, drummer Barriemore Barlow, and organist John Evan all finished high in their respective categories.

Other than Anderson, the only performer to win in two categories was Elton John who easily won the titles of top male vocalist and best pianist.

Elsewhere in the voting surprises were few as popular performers Eric Clapton, Carole

King, Keith Emerson, and Ginger Baker all won easily. If the results of this poll are any indication, the relatively unknown talents such as John McLaughlin, Richard Greene, John Prine, Al Kooper, and Paul Butterfield will have to increase their popularity many times over to contend with those who have established themselves as the "Kings and Queens" of modern music.

Following is the list of the top finishers in each category:

### Guitar

1. Eric Clapton
2. Carlos Santana
3. Peter Townshend - Martin Barre

### Organ

1. Keith Emerson
2. Stevie Windwood
3. John Evan

### Bass

1. Felix Pappalardi
2. Paul McCartney
3. Dee Murray

### Drums

1. Ginger Baker
2. Barriemore Barlow
3. Buddy Miles

### Piano

1. Elton John
2. Leon Russell
3. Nicky Hopkins

### Harmonica

1. Bob Dylan
2. John Mayall

### Assorted Instruments

1. Ian Anderson - flute
2. Keith Emerson - moog
3. Mike Pinder - mellotron

### Composer-Songwriter

1. Ian Anderson
2. Carole King
3. Peter Townshend

### Female Vocalist

1. Carole King
2. Grace Slick
3. Roberta Flack

### Group

1. Jethro Tull
2. Moody Blues
3. Allman Brothers Band
4. Emerson, Lake, and Palmer - The Rolling Stones

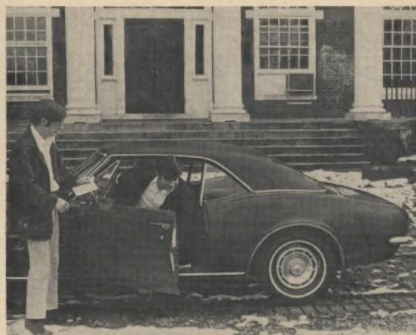
### Album

1. "Thick As A Brick" - Jethro Tull
2. "Trilogy" - Emerson, Lake, and Palmer
3. "Led Zeppelin IV" - Led Zeppelin
4. "Eat A Peach" - Allman Brothers Band

### Male Vocalist

1. Elton John
2. Rod Stewart - Cat Stevens
3. Arlo Guthrie





Joey Chitwood hands John Eakin a citation

## Experiences of Two Years

by Stanley Scroggin

Although I have only been at MBA for two years, it has been quite an experience.

The contrasts within the school are tremendous. While the school is supposedly preparing us for the independent study of college, it is curtailing our general liberties and saddling us with rather childish, seemingly makework assignments. Although we have an honor system, every movement is scrutinized as thoroughly as the KGB could do it. We have a representative student government, but they are prevented from taking any significant action. We have a great wealth of material in a great library and in well equipped science labs, but the procedures for gaining access to much of it are so restrictive that the majority of the students do not bother to try. We have mandatory study periods for the majority of the students, which in itself is a good idea since it gives a welcome breather between classes and supplies a good time to do homework, yet the study halls are so noisy that serious work is often difficult if not impossible, and the library, the only quiet spot in the whole school, is off-limits for non-library work if a person is not on the Privilege list. The merit system is set up to provide a fairly just and equitable system of graduated penalties; yet demerits are given for trivial reasons and sometimes acts as if they do not system to obtain free labor on Saturdays.

## Cheekwood

by David Wells

Have you ever been interested in photography? Ever wanted to know anything about painting, about how the artist works? Ever tried to appreciate the beauty of good classical music? Or have you ever wanted to spend some free time just relaxing and enjoying the clean beauty of nature?

Perhaps none of these activities excites you at all. If any or all of them do, however, Nashville has provided the perfect opportunity to enjoy these and scores of other activities at a price that no one can refuse. This opportunity is the Tennessee Fine Arts Center and Botanic Gardens, known by almost everybody as "Cheekwood." Although everyone is familiar with the name Cheekwood, far too few MBA students realize the fun and enjoyment available there.

Cheekwood's activities are as varied as they are numerous. The Fine Arts Center, directed by John H. Nozyski, is responsible for a number of classes available at minimal cost to the public. Mr. Arthur Orr, a talented contemporary painter and currently a professor at Peabody College, is

MBA has problems as does any institution, but these problems should not make one overlook the advantages.

Having spent ten years in the public school system, I see clearly the advantages. The honor system does work as far as it is allowed to go. The rate of cheating at MBA is unbelievably low when compared to schools I have attended before and any books or personal possessions left lying about will be there when you return. This is not always the case elsewhere.

The academic standards are such that even a person who coasts through MBA gets a solid background in spite of himself. Again, this is not the case in the Metro system.

Perhaps the most important of MBA's attributes is personal contact, both within the student body and between the students and the faculty. Upon this fact, all others hinge. Of course, in such a situation, interpersonal conflicts are magnified, yet, without close student-teacher contact, academic standards fall and without a cohesive student body, any honor system is castrated.

It is through such contact that the problems of MBA can and should be overcome. The solution to the school's problems must not be one-sided. Both the faculty and the students must listen to each other, and changes must be made by both groups.

If this is done, if true cooperation can be developed, MBA cannot help but to become a better school and a more satisfying place for student and teacher alike.

conducting two painting classes, including a beginner and an intermediate class and a separate advanced class. Bob Fredericks, a graduate student at Peabody, will soon be holding two drawing classes. Tony Frye will soon be conducting a Photography class.

The Cheekwood calendar varies greatly in content but is always exciting in the programs it offers. Some regular meetings held at Cheekwood include the Sierra Club and the recycling program HANDS (House and Neighborhood) Development Sponsors. John Nozyski and Duncan Callcott, the Botanic Gardens' director, both speakers in MBA assemblies, conduct frequent slide shows and lectures.

Even if none of these many activities is appealing to you, then Cheekwood has a lot for you in its grounds and gardens. The beautifully landscaped yard, tastefully sprinkled with open gardens, greenhouses, trees, fields and ponds, is a delightful world in itself. Not everyone can appreciate the beauty of chamber music or of great painting, but anyone can enjoy just walking through the woods.

# ALUMNI NEWS

Norvell S. Rose, Jr., Class of '70, an Echols Scholar at the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, was awarded Intermediate Honors by the University at recent Founder's Day ceremonies. This recognition is the highest the University can bestow on undergraduate students and is awarded on the basis of outstanding scholastic achievements during the first two years of studies.

In addition, Rose has been elected to the University Judiciary Committee, the Raven Society, and the Jefferson Literary composed of students holding and Debating Society. He was also campus. He was recently elected named a member of I L K A, positions of leadership on the Omicron Delta Kappa, honorary scholastic fraternity, and is president of WUVA, the University's radio station.

Richard Barkley, class of '69, was named in "Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities" from Southwestern at Memphis. Barkley, who has been outstanding in his achievements and participation in campus activities, was named to an All-Conference baseball team. He has served on the Men's Undergraduate Board, the Student Union Executive Board, and the Interfraternity Council. He has been president of his dormitory, and president of ATO fraternity.

Ethel W. Ball, a teacher, disciplinarian, and foster mother to a whole generation of MBA boys, died after a brief illness in the hospital at Monck's Corner, South Carolina, November 9, 1972. She was 92 years of age. She was buried beside her husband, Professor Isaac Ball, in the family area of the Strawberry Chapel graveyard, Berkeley County, South Carolina.

"Her sons shall rise up and call her blessed." This description

from the Book of Proverbs will note on her tombstone that her sons of MBA are doing so.

The daughter of Dr. John and Annie Tate Weissinger, she was born on a southern Alabama plantation in 1880. She met Professor Ball, a graduate of the University of the South, at the old Columbia Institute in Columbia, Tennessee, where he was one of her teachers.

They married in 1900 and moved to Dallas, Texas, where Professor Ball taught for a few years in a newly established boys' school. They next went to Atlanta where the professor spent a year or two in the insurance business.

The influence of this woman on her husband, who felt that his life's work was the development of youth, not only educationally but also in social responsibility, was sufficient to move him so that they both returned to their true interest. They moved in 1906 to Shreveport, Louisiana, where he taught; and two years later to Sewanee Military Academy. They came to Nashville in 1911 when Professor Ball became headmaster of MBA.

During World War I Mrs. Ball joined the faculty in the history department. She continued to teach until her husband's retirement in 1942.

Sharp-tongued and stern in discipline for boys who got out of line, Mrs. Ball had a great sense of humor and a fear of nothing. Some students tried once to frighten her by putting in her desk a small snake they had caught in the stream that flowed through the campus. When she opened the drawer and found the snake, she calmly lifted it out and demanded that the boys who had put it there come and get it and return to the creek—which they reluctantly did.

She was a great sports fan and ran a training table for the foot-

ball and basketball teams on occasions required.

When the 7th and 8th grades were added to the school in 1927-28, the younger boys formed a football team called the "Cooties." Since no coach was available, Mrs. Ball undertook to coach this team which had an undefeated season. She gave them a "football banquet" after school when the season was over and awarded specially designed football "letters" to the members of the "Cootie" team.

The depths of her maternity and understanding responded strongly as always to this group of younger boys who needed her council and wisdom.

After the 1925 fire destroyed the main building, and it seemed that the school could not continue to operate, she supported her husband when Peabody College attempted band during the trying years to take over the school.

The destruction of her home by fire in 1930 forced her to move into the new main school building. Bravely she made her home there in a tiny cramped apartment. She used the lunchroom in the basement for cooking. She endured this situation until her retirement in 1942.

During the Great Depression, the combined salaries of five MBA teachers was \$6300.00 a year. For months Mrs. Ball received no compensation at all, but this did not dampen her efforts to teach "her boys."

Those who attended MBA from 1916 to 1942 knew and loved and admired this small, determined lady who played so strong a part in the struggle to create it, save it when it was threatened, and maintain it so that it could grow into the great school it is today. The stamp of her character is still present.

## Reviewing The Seventh Grade Year

by Jim Anderson

This article is for all 7th graders who think back and remember some outstanding comments such as: "In the world of teaching, that's what we call tough bananas", "Hiya kids, hiya, hiya, hiya," "Sounds like a personal problem to me", "Where's the president?", "Do you want to leave?", "Go back to bed", "Clarks-ville, it's the armpit of the South", WWQ, "Shame him boys", "Aren't you embarrassed?" and many others.

If you think back just to some popular words and terms, you might just remember these: pop test, exam, English, pop test, (theme, theme . . . .), early assembly, test, etc.

Or perhaps your thoughts may fall back to early September when you had such thoughts as: "I've heard that this Mrs. Bowen is a real toughy. She is supposed to give tests every period. Maybe if I'm lucky, I'll be able to finish my homework by 3:30 A.M. I bet that they'll give me demerits for having the wrong kind of paper, or something. I've always heard that the food is rancid, never that it isn't. Maybe you had some other thoughts, but, 7th graders, rejoice! You've made it through your first year. Now you can look ahead to the joyous classes of Miss Harris, Mrs. Carter . . . . .



"Alas, poor David"

## The Purpose of a Liberal Education

A Statement by George Stern, a professor at Eton during the 1860's

"You go to school at the age of twelve or thirteen; and for the next four or five years you are not engaged so much in acquiring knowledge as in making mental efforts under criticism. A certain amount of knowledge you can indeed with average faculties acquire so as to retain; nor need you regret the hours that you have spent on much that is forgotten, for the shadow of lost knowledge at least protects you from any delusions. You go to a great school, not for knowledge

as much as for arts and habits; for the habit of attention, for the art of expression, for the art of assuming a moment's notice a new intellectual posture, for the art of entering quickly into another person's thoughts, for the habit of submitting to censure and refutation, for the art of indicating assent or dissent in graduated terms, for the habit of regarding minute points of accuracy, for the habit of working out what is possible in a given time, for taste, for discrimination, for mental courage and mental sobriety. Above all, you go to a great school for self-knowledge."



# Recollections of a . . .

introduction by Rick Ownbey

The following quotations represent a portion of the Senior Class's views of their last six years on "The Hill." Since most of us are eighteen, MBA represents one-third of our life—the third which will have perhaps the most profound effect on the rest of our life.

Some say that a person's life or his basic character is formed during the first six years of his life; the high school years, however, demonstrate the basic character which has been formed or is beginning to become evident. Undoubtedly college will have a great deal to do with the forming of our life but its influence will be more along the lines of a reaction against or assertion for the values and goals which we have already begun to glimpse.

What is our class like now, and what will it be like in twenty years when we are either firmly in or firmly out of "the establishment"? As the following quotations suggest, I feel that our class represents a broad range of ideals and beliefs which defy a single epithet such as a "jock" class or an "intellectual" class.

Beliefs run from devout Christians to those who do not even consider religion to the existentialists to the agnostics to the atheists. We have athletes, intellectuals, athletic-intellectuals, and neither athlete nor intellectual. There are those who always study, often study, sometimes study, do not need to study, or do not know how to study.

There are the frats, the non-frats; the liberal, the conservative; the freaks, the all-American; those with goals, those that will have goals, and those that have fun continually; those involved, those not; the concerned, the apathetic; the genius, the average; those included, those not; the

popular, the intensely disliked; the artist, the author, the observer. Each class has the above groups, but our class divisions are perhaps more evident and yet at the same time more subdued than usual.

I would hope that our class, because of the wide range of interests and activities—from black to white with every shade of gray, will be able to enter college with a greater sympathy towards varying points of view and will not denounce a person without at least listening to the other idea. Although cliques of friends with similar interests will always develop, I hope that our class will never exclude a person without first putting himself in the other person's place.

It would be interesting to see the results of our class since, as is often told us, we could be "the leaders of our country"; more likely, however, for every person we have at the top, we will have one at the bottom, running the gamut from leader to follower, executive to bum.

The following are excerpts from the senior's last impressions of MBA:

"MBA can offer anyone a good education. Unfortunately, many people become mesmerized by an illusion that life consists of wearing the right shoes, saying the right phrase to make a girl laugh, and constantly joking with people you don't know, whom you call your friends. Some realize the mistake they made and start changing. Some people can teach you a lot, but most of those heads in study hall don't take the time to ask. That's the mistake I made: 'Smiling they live and call life pleasure.' To me that cup has dealt another measure."

"In this highly reflective moment, I look at my six years at MBA and reflect highly. I am grateful for the education I have

received here. However, support of this school is extremely difficult when taken as a whole. It is a compendium of the most ridiculous, farcical rules I have ever heard. MBA is not college preparatory school because, in treating its students like babies, it fails to prepare anyone for a great deal of responsibility in later life."

"The label 'college preparatory school' is certainly fitting because the school does indeed prepare its students for what they may face in college classrooms. However, this label may be insufficient because MBA also reads a man for life. . . . By looking at a person's merits and by trying to ignore his faults, I have found that it is practically impossible to dislike someone."

"I think that MBA is a very good school; however, I do not think that MBA has progressed with the times. It needs to grow with the times and to recognize the students' thoughts and leadership."



"I'm glad to leave the pressure and competition of academics, yet I will regret not being able to play an active part in school affairs. Being a student at MBA is, without a doubt, a challenging occupation and I hope it will continue to be so; for if one cannot learn his own potential, how can he evaluate himself as a person?"

"To me, MBA has meant six years of hard work, but rewarding hard work. The work has served a purpose rather than being just busy work."

"There have been good times and bad, and I guess it really has not been all that bad after all."

"I am glad I came, and I'm glad I am leaving. If I had to do it all over again, I think I would seek a place of greater freedom, both personally and intellectually. MBA has made good progress since I have been here in the field of the arts, AP courses, and learning resources; however I feel that this progress is insignificant in comparison to what might have been done by means of total utilization and exploitation of human and pecuniary resources."



"The friendship, leadership, school spirit and school pride have left a lasting impression which is indelibly etched in my heart. Mr. Carter is straightforward, efficient, thrifty, enthusiastic, and he honestly cares about the students and their futures."

"MBA will remain in my mind as a place of absurd regimentation. Mental discipline must never be allowed to crush the spirit of

it because its memory will trigger a whole set of feelings for how everything is now."

"Four years older

Than I was before,

Looking back now,

There's much to deplore."

"As I look back upon a long association with MBA, I realize what a ripoff it really is."

"Maybe it is my fault but I have found no life-shaping discoveries through my education at MBA. Education at MBA was not a concern in my life which I savored and craved, but too often it was a responsibility which seemed silly because it had very little meaning in my personal life. Education should be an important part of one's present life, not just a stairway to college."

"Fruitful, fruity, full of fruit, fruitless."

"MBA has had a tremendous effect on my lifestyle. It has stimulated my mind to unlimited heights, these heights reaching Xanadu."

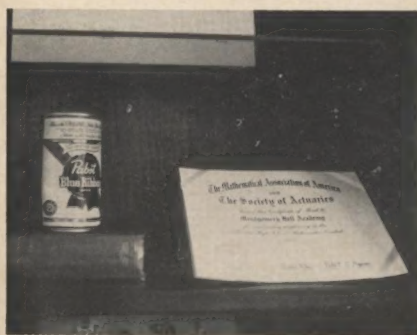
"When the speckled, illuminated butterfly lights upon the glistening spore of dew-dropped September, MBA will still be here to welcome it."

"My four years have been a very rewarding experience. The system of education is perhaps the most effective and personal one that can be expected. If I had to do it again, I still would come to MBA. I leave MBA hoping the school I enter will be as good as or better than MBA, but I very seriously doubt this."

"In past times MBA has seemed like a punishment and really like hell. However, only in the last year has MBA been one hell of a fool's parade."



A senior's view as he heads for the parking lot Friday afternoon: clockwise, the relaxation, the play, the hard-working custodians, and the hard work ahead



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## SENIOR TEA LEAVES

Name	Nickname	Where Found	Ambition	Latent Fear	Heard Saying
Bill Alderson	Flash	Hillwood	to be like Bob Gannis	overexposure	"No, your pictures aren't ready yet."
Steve Allen	Stevie Wonder	Parthenon	Datsun 240-Z	wet streets	"A senior function at my house."
Brock Baker	The Hanging Judge	St. Cecilia	Supreme Court Justice	Billy Knox	"I'm going to screw you to the wall."
Gary Barkley	Wayne Hol	Flaming Steer	professional debater	study hall riots	"I run a tight study hall."
Ran Batson	Ratson	in the duck blind	W. C. Fields Classic Theater	Ko	"Honest officer, I'm 18."
John Bow	Wandering Gentle	West Palm Beach	to skip town	celibacy	"What a bunch of nub-heads!"
Jerry Brannon	Sims	Eating at the Y	to snake Ramsey's woman	red and green stoplights	"Glad you could come."
John Brooks	Caesar	NOT at school	more study time	Latin	"I don't understand."
Scott Brooks	Cot	Cheatham County	to be a farmer	farmers	"I got to get the truck fixed."
James Brown	Soul Man	playing bridge with Callis	a rabbi	Captain Lawrence	"I'm not paying for it."
Paul Buchanan	Laup; Buck	with Bounds	French exemption	Mrs. Hollins	"Let's legalize it."
Tommy Callaway	100-proof		to listen to tapes in his car	a date	"So what if it's Tuesday night."
David Cassell	Computer; Cas-sel	physics lab	atomic physicist	AP English	"I haven't cracked a book since. . ."
Michael Cohen	Hot Dawg	Chattanooga	NCAA	Harpeth Hall	"I swear I'm 18!"
Dudley Creighton	Dud; Study	under the table	new pair of pants	football practice	"So this is what MBA looks like."
Tom Cummings	Jumbo	at Young Life	"Ted Mack Amateur Hour"	The Erection Crew	"Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha"
Tom Delvaux	Dillveaux	erotic book stores	to keep a straight face	underachievement	"I had a hard night with Mr. Tillman."
Paul DeWitt	Deewad	Room 417 at Hojo's	straight hair	Varsity athletes	"To put it mildly."
Tim Douglas	Doug	with Isenhour	Tight End	Varsity Football	"I'm going to Ohio."
John Eakin	Oddball	Ab's	no-fault insurance	Tea Leaves	"Where ya'll going this weekend?"
Webb Earthman	Fruit Fly; Earthworm	out of bounds	Editor-in-Chief	switching desks	"Hey caddy, hand me my Canadian Club."
Morgan Entrekin	Mentrekin	starting revolutions	graduate from Harpeth Hall	barbers	"95% of the student body"
Joe Fall	Lamar	demerit list	to graduate	Benneyworth	"Speed kills."
Sam Festress	Sambo; Ben	Alderson's	Benevolent Dictator	Senior Superlatives	"It's passé."
Ken Frasure	Walt	Albany	good jokes	wrecking his Simca	"Flannery will get you nowhere."
Howard Frost	Frostio; Jack	Indian Dancing	to take Latin V	Sin	"Don't you agree that. . ."
Frank Garrison	Franco; Paquito	B'ue Grass Parkway	up to his ears in turkey fries	Miss Rocket City	"Honi so qui mal y pense."
Chip Gill	Chipper	Nixon HJ.	to be President	McGovern	"No, unh-unh."
Bill Harbison	Leslie	playing with his pawns	to make a Grand Slam	Salutatorian	"I . . . uh"
Jim Hamilton	Joie Chitwood	parking lot	good night's sleep	being an 8-year man	"Your MBA sticker must be. . ."
David Hibbitts	Archie	picking up towels	a '73 Rambler	Brooksie	"21 out of 78? Uh .37138"
Vernon Hutton	Vermis	Training Room	team physician	filing the specimens	"Turn to your left and cough."
Tim Isenhour	Kaiser	at Bill's	President of Top Hat Club	being followed by a car with a long antenna	"It's nothing to clap about."
Peter Jacobson	Satan	Allen's	Valedictorian	Bill Harbison	"I disagree Mr. C."
Dick Jones	Chones	Julia Green	N.B.A.	shaving	"This is ridiculous."
Mark Kelly	Humphreys	making math tables	a hotdog	another red Camaro	"Lemme git this stuff offa my shoes."
Dick Klausner	Big Dick	The Peddler at Pennington's	to be a fireman	the Rhea Sisters	"Wow!"
Vaden Lackey	VD	Percy Warner	to be a banana peel	AP History	"Yes, Mrs. Lowry, I'm fine."
Tom Loventhal	Lovvy	Nate	an Afro	getting caught	"He's a fish."
Steve Markham	Pig Meat	picking bananas	Mr. Tennessee	Fullback Screen	"Vote for McGovern!"
Al Marsh	Wheaties	listening to radio	to buy his own bulldozer	being carded at the Belcourt	"I swear I'm five feet."
Billy Matthews	Monkey	asleep	to be like Pelé	turning in these on time	"When is it due?"
David Matthews	Dirty Dave	playing Frisbee golf	to be Spiderman	his next-door neighbor	"Hi! Hello! How are you?"
David McAlister	Dave the Rave	Walden	to commune with nature	Mr. Ridgway	"No, I'm getting it cut."
Chris McClure	Columbo	Mrs. Lowry's	a date with Lee Lee	a four-putt	"She's the hottest date in town, Tish."
John McGaw	McGoo	"cloud nine"	to pin Brownlow	Monteagle	"This is asinine."
Greg McNair	Gaut	Hillsboro	to go to Hillsboro	Bees	"Who wants a diploma?"
Jimmy Milam	Winn	Sewanee	a ten-footer	anything over 6'5"	"Oh my leg."
Steve Moll	Mole	on the telephone	salesman	sideburns	"Have you sold your ads?"
Jon Nesbitt	Nes; Nib	with Shell	long hair	his father	"I wrecked it again."
Bill Orand	B.O.; Korvette	hunting	to own Brooks Brothers	Kenneth Hulsey	"Wahoo-Wah!"
Rick Ownbey	Kid; Hernia Kid	at the Peep Shows	good B.S.	Whittaker	"Oh, I get it. Pretty Funny."
Edwards Park	Edward Parks	Mr. Turner's	Harvard & bow ties	censors	"Where can you find a copy of the MBA constitution?"
Bill Parker	France	running	four-minute mile	misnomers	"I came out running."
Mark Parsons	MP	France	new tennis shoes	tight blue jeans	"I have returned."
Doug Paschall	Doug the Bug	on the Frisbee Golf Course	to have a deep voice	Summers	"Screwed to the wall."
Tommy Patterson	T.P.; cheer-leader	in the chimney	to pass Calculus	Praying Mantis	"My name is Doug."
Rob Ramsey	Bryars	stealin' third base	stealin' third base	being off-white	"What's on at the Drive-In?"
Garnett Reid	Darnitt	Lidia's	to get married	Sunday-night dates	"It tears it out by the roots."
Steve Roberts	Zeb	Pearl	to be right-handed	bad hops	"Gollee!"
Stanley Scroggins	Scrog	Estes & Harding	to be ambitious	stop signs	"Canary? Canary who?"
Bill Shell	Alfie	in the parking lot with Moll	a 35 on ACT's Vanderbilt	dancing	"They can't turn me down."
Frank Smith	Lillard	in the lab	fame	low doorways	"That's so pitiful."
Andy Stumb	Stump; Duke	in the shower	to get up	Canadian women	"You's standing on my kumquats."



Steve Summers	Captain	Dougherty's	to be a policeman	Winfield and Barge	"O.K., pull that thing over."
Spence Sutton	Herb	Auburn	to beat Bill Van Cleave	wrecking his Pinto	"Come on over, Thomas."
Sam Tinsley	Tinsel	rock concert	to wear white shoes	haircuts	"If you put my brain in a bird, it would fly backwards."
Bill Van Cleave	B.V.C.	VU rifle range	to be like Bronson	a 95 prone	"I beat Ed Stevens!!"
	Bush	singing	Vienna boys' choir	studying	"Mrs. Taylor, it's too quiet to study."
Tim Vaughn	Felts	back seat	rabbit habit	the stork	"Mary made me buy them."
John Wampler	God	Karen's	facial hair	a warped frisbee	"A Hard Man is Good to Find."
Kelly Wright	Hayseed	under all his hair	to wear overalls	Andy Stumb	"Where we goin' Mama Hollins?"

## FUN FACTS

by Will Akers

Alan Jay Lerner took two weeks to write the last line of "Wouldn't It Be Lovely." The last line is "Lovely, Lovely, lovely, lovely."

By choosing the correct places one can go south from Arkansas into six adjoining states.

If an inconsiderate neighbor has his radio turned on too loud, you can retaliate. Subtract 460 from his station and dial your radio to this new number. His radio will shriek very loudly, and he will turn it off.

Aimee Semple McPherson was buried alive with a live telephone in her coffin.

The fact that you hold a pair in a poker game increases the chances that your opponent does too.

In 1897, while in the Ohio State Pen, an inmate helped design, build, and install its first electric chair. Years later, he returned for a first degree murder conviction. In 1911, he was executed in the same chair. His name was Charles Justice.

Eskimos use refrigerators to keep food from freezing.

Brazil used to print one cruzeiro bank notes. In 1960, it was discontinued when it was found that it cost 1.2 cruzeiros to print.

"There is as much chance of repealing the Eighteenth (Prohibition) Amendment as there is for a hummingbird to fly to the planet Mars with the Washington Monument tied to its tail."—by Senator Morris Sheppard (Tex.), the author of the Eighteenth Amendment.

A raisin dropped in a glass of champagne, will rise and fall continuously in the glass.

It is impossible to sneeze with your eyes open.

The reason sardines are crammed so tightly into the tins is that the oil used to pack them is more expensive by volume than the fish themselves. Thus, the more sardines a manufacture can squeeze into a tin, the greater his profit.

When Tolstoy was a boy, he formed a club with his brother. To be initiated, a member had to stand in a corner for half an hour and not think of a white bear.

Ray Chapman, former star shortstop for the Cleveland Indians, batted second in the lineup. In one game, during the 1920 season, he went to bat twice and got two hits, each a double. He stole two bases and scored two runs. In the field he made two put outs, two assists, and two errors. In two unofficial times at bat, he was struck by pitched balls twice. The second of these killed him.

And I will close (Whew!) with this tantalizing tidbit of trivia: Abner Doubleday did not invent the baseball, as is commonly believed. He does, however, hold a special niche in American history, he aimed the first Union shot at Fort Sumpter.

HMMM . . . . .

Trivia was adapted from the June 1972 issue of *Playboy* from an article written by Scott Morris.

## Senior Superlatives

Most in love	Rob Ramsey
Most likely to succeed	Brock Baker
Most Athletic	Frank Garrison
Biggest Goldbrick	Chris McClure
Best Dressed	Jon Nesbitt
Most intelligent	David Cassell
Biggest Bull Artist	Joe Fall
Friendliest	Billy Matthews and Dick Klausner
Most Popular	Dick Klausner
Wittiest	Ran Batson
Most Creative	Andy Stumb
Biggest Social Lion	Bill Orand



clockwise, Brock Baker, Dick Klausner and Billy Matthews, Frank Garrison, and Chris McClure



## Last Will and Testament

I, Bill Alderson, leave M.B.A. still wondering where the bathroom in the Science Building was when I needed it.

I, Steve Allen, leave my senior class functions to whoever doesn't care about the conditions of his house.

I, Brock Baker, leave quite a bit more.

I, Gary Barkley, leave my early morning trips to Krispy Kreme to John Hill, who never wakes up before noon anyway.

I, Ran Batson, do leave my radical and revolutionary ideas to next year's senior class 'cause they're going to need some.

I, John Bow, leave with the knowledge that my son will not make the same mistake.

I, Jerry Brannon, having renounced my membership in the Republican Party, leave my tape recorders and burglary tools to Mr. Carter and the school.

I, John Brooks, leave my last will to Mr. Carter.

I, Scott Brooks, leave for college, three miles too close to the Hill.

I, James Brown, leave my vast knowledge of Judaism to Mr. Turner and the Zen Buddhists.

I, Paul Buchanan, leave my math ability to Alan Lequire.

I, Tommy Callaway, leave Mrs. Lowry, smiling.

I, David Cassell, leave the After-Lunch Bunch as fast as possible.

I, Michael Cohen, leave M.B.A. having successfully avoided "Antigone!!" and "shades of Hamlet."

I, Tom Cummings, leave the 6th period zoo to Larry Wieck.

I, Tom Delvaux, leave having experienced something I thought quite different.

I, Paul DeWitt, leave my curly

hair to whoever wants it.

On my honor as a gentleman, I, Tim Douglas, leave the Juniors to be brainwashed.

I, John Eakin, leave my wrecked Camaro to anyone who wants it.

I, Webb Earthman, leave my name on every critique slip in the library.

I, Morgan Entekin, leave my flaming pen (ouch, it burns as I write), to anyone with hands callous enough to hold it.

I, Joe Fall, leave better late than never.

I, Sam Fentress, leave my water-proof pleated pants to Shelton Koenig.

I, Ken Frasure, leave my horrible sense of humor to Bill Hodge with pleasure; my teachers to the Junior Class; and to the school, a lingering aroma of gym clothes.

I, Howard Frost, III, do hereby leave my war bonnet and tomahawk to Rupert Palmer.

I, Frank Garrison, leave my claim in Sumner Co. to Reed Trickett and a corn cob to Russell Carpenter.

I, Chip Gill, leave my Physics notes to Mrs. Marlow.

I, Jim Hamilton, leave my Jole Chitwood tires to Bruce Spaulding.

I, William L. Harbison, having in this year comprehended all the secrets of life, leave with a sneer of contempt for all that is mundane.

I, David Hibbits, leave my Seven Year Club membership card to Bing Davis.

I, Vernon Hutton, do wish to leave something to someone, but due to lack of activity and knowledge, I cannot.

I, Tim Isenhour, leave just happy to be leaving.

I, Peter Charles Jacobsen, being

of solid mind and sound, do hereby bequest my illustrious histrionic talents to Rupert D. Palmer, the director fortunate enough to discover me.

I, Dick Jones, leave six years too late.

I, Mark H. Kelly, leave a case of assorted life savers to Thomas Pennington.

I, Dick Klausner, leave my bottle of Curl-Free to Bill Scanlan.

I, Vaden Lackey, leave my AP History notes to Thomas Pennington, who will use them as much as I did.

I, Tom Loventhal, leave by inability to comb my hair behind my ears to David Small, my house to anyone who wants to drop by, and the zoo in W-2, 7th period to Mr. Poston.

I, Thany Mann, leave, "changed, no doubt, from what I was when first I came along these hills."

I, Steve Markam, leave my athletic prowess to Coach Ridgeway.

I, Al Marsh, leave M.B.A. with some good friends, some good times, and well versed in much I may rarely use.

I, Billy Matthews, leave my ability to do no work and still make the Privilege List and be loved by Mrs. Hollins to David Wells.

I, David Matthews, leave the insanity of The Hill to any others who will make the same mistake.

I, David McAllister, leave my killer instinct and marvelous putting touch to Curt Cole.

I, Chris McClure, do hereby leave M.B.A. wanting Mr. Carter, Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Bowen to know that I never even attempted to spit on a janitor.

I, John McGaw, leave my M.B.A. diploma in the back closet un-

der a pile of old tests.

I, Greg McNair, leave my size 12½ basketball shoes to the ever-growing Scott Tygard and all my themes to Mr. Dempsey Dumster; to Felix Brown, I give all of my left-over french fries, and finally to our beloved headmaster, Mr. Carter, I entrust three tickets to Fair Park.

I, Jimmy Milan, leave my blue and white bomb to Reed Trickett.

I, Steve Moll, leave in search of greener grass.

I, Jon Nesbitt, leave those numerous and irresistible young fems and the many gallons of untapped K'terade to Scott Brittain.

I, Bill Orand, leave my sunburned neck to Scott Brittain.

I, Rick Ownbey, leave one three-letter school for another.

I, Bill Parker, leave my frustrations to Mrs. Lowry.

I, Mark Parsons, leave several hundred used "Parsons" pencils to those few students who have never had any of them.

I, Doug Paschall, leave my nonentity to what's-his-name.

I, Tommy Patterson, leave my construction hat and my 2x4 to Dan Hartmann.

I, Rob Ramsey, leave with many regrets but much happiness.

I, Garnett Reid, leave my ability to miss Coach Tillman's signals to Nick Ganick even though he doesn't really need it.

I, Steve Roberts, do hereby leave my voice to anyone who can find it.

I, Stanley Scroggin, leave my membership in the After-Lunch Bunch to Rupert Palmer.

I, Bill Shell, leave this joint to Warren Johnson.

(continue on page 12)





## Baseball Team Fulfills Expectations

by David Hibbitts

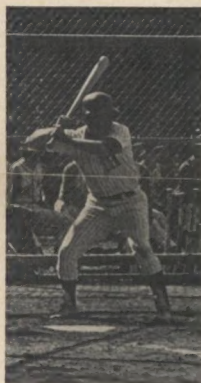
M.B.A.'s defending state champions were picked to finish sixth in the Western Division before the start of the season. Inexperience was the major problem facing the team, with only Robert Harris and Garnett Reid returning from last year's starting lineup. However, the additions of Frank Garrison, Nick Ganick, Russell Carpenter, Dan Hartmann, and Tommy Patterson solidified this year's hitting.

Robert Harris (3-4 won-lost record) has been this year's tough-luck pitcher. Only a sophomore, he is already the iron man of the staff. He won key decisions over Ryan (3-2) and Hillwood (4-3) in an eighth inning shutout performance in relief. Dan Hartmann (3-1 record) and Mike Ralston (1-0) have proved to be dependable second-line hurlers. The team ran up a record of 9-4 before a disastrous final week in which a hitting slump and tough luck caused losses to Cohn, Overton, and Hillsboro.

Overall, the season was a good one as it included victories over archrival Ryan and Hillwood. The final overall record of 9-7, including games against Eastern Division teams was deceiving as the Big Red played surprisingly well until the final week. Both Garnett Reid (.425) and Frank Garrison

(.410) hit over .400, while Garrison soaked 3 round trippers. Nick Ganick had one home run and several clutch triples until he hit a late season slump. Reid, Patterson, and John Brooks each added a home run to the team total of seven.

Next year should be even better for the Big Red nine, for the only principal losses are Reid, Garrison, and Patterson.



## Freshman Athletics Reviewed

by Boyd Gibbs

This year's freshman class was very strong in athletics. There are many good athletes among the frosh who should help the varsity sports greatly in the next few years.

The football team played well, although its record was only 2-3. Wins over Apollo and Hillwood highlighted the season. Among the many stars on the team were Bobby Thym, John Hill, and Steve Burch.

The basketball team was one of the best junior-high teams in town, always in the thick of the games. Mike Ralston, John Hill, and Mike Farmer led the team.

The freshman track team has done very well this spring. Individually, Brian Friedman set a new freshman record in the mile run with a time of 4:50.0. John Rebrovick, Clay Whitson, Boyd Gibbs, Les Coble, and Gordon Wynn have also made important contributions to the team.

The varsity sports have also been well represented by the freshman class. Oman Weiland and Mike Ralston made the football team. Ralston also saw action for the basketballers at the end of the season, and he pitches and

plays shortstop for the baseball team. Freddy McLaughlin and Clinton Regen were regulars on the wrestling squad. John Daniel and Dale Berry are standouts on the varsity tennis team.

With the success of the freshman sports team, plus the many athletes who served on varsity squads this year, it is apparent that this year's frosh will make a great contribution to M.B.A.'s sports teams in the next few years.

## CHESS NEWS

On April 28th and 29th, the M.B.A. chess team won the Tennessee High School chess team championship. Competing for M.B.A. were Bruce Stearns, Miller Batson, Johnny Moore, Sam Fentress, Joel Koenig, and Steve Ellis. The tournament merely confirmed the results of the Southern Chess Congress held in March in Atlanta, where the M.B.A. chess team placed 2nd behind only one other high school—Plant High School of Tampa, Florida. The team travelled to Chicago during the first weekend in May to compete in the National Championship.

## Vandy Outlook Excellent: Sloan

by Randy Bibb

Don't let Steve Sloan's drawl fool you.

He thrives on speed, and he's most impressed with the swift feet of former Montgomery Bell Academy quarterback Fred Fisher.

In an exclusive interview with the *Bell Ringer*, new Vanderbilt football head coach Steve Sloan said he is "well aware" of M.B.A.'s former football stars as well as its academic-athletic tradition.

"We have several kids here from M.B.A. I don't know them all. I just think of Regen, Rich, and Fisher. They all came here together, I understand."

Sloan continued in his slow, backwoods twang. "He (Fisher) is very impressive. Very impressive, as a young man as well as an athlete. He's got great feet, and he's quick. He is super-quick: What a fine person he is. I'm

very impressed with him.

"Oh, and Latimer. He's in our off-season program. He's a good athlete. He's got good agility. Shoot, we need to sign their whole team every year."

As he leaned back in his padded chair, Sloan, 28, who, at first glance, might be mistaken for one of his players, expanded his talk to his entire team. "The players are real fine boys. I'm really impressed by the caliber of person that is here now, on this team. We'd like to encourage this. We believe in manners, respect, responsibility, and so forth."

Soon the conversation turned to his new job as head coach. "I really like it. I've only been here a short time, but I really love Vanderbilt. I like the people. I like the academic tradition. I like the players. I like the secretaries. I just feel at home here. I'm very excited about it."

At the time of the interview,

Coch Sloan was in the thick of recruiting. "What I'd really like to do would be to recruit a lot of good students. We've signed two players from Detroit, two from Cincinnati, one from Ft. Lauderdale, and we're going to sign two from Cleveland, Ohio, Sunday. One boy from Detroit is a two-time high school All-American, and the other is bigger than he is."

Sloan continued talking in an unashamedly excited manner. But soon it came to that age-old question: Will Vanderbilt be a winner? "It's hard to say. We've had a lot of support. The people are eager to have a good team, the town's eager to support a good team. We'll be sound, play hard, and be exciting. But I'll be honest with you, I think we have a chance to have a good team based on the schedule. I think we have a chance, and that's all you can really ask for, is to have a chance."

## ATHLETIC YEAR SUCCESSFUL

by Paul De Witt

Looking back on the 1972-73 sports year for M.B.A., no one should be ashamed of any of the performances of the athletic teams. Although hit hard by graduation, the squads proved that they could take the field with any other N.I.L. team in any sport and not be embarrassed.

The most successful teams were the golf, tennis, and baseball outfits. At this writing, each squad had a shot at defending their N.I.L. title. Much also can be said for the soccer, wrestling and football teams. The soccer team made it to the semifinals of the state tournament before being eliminated. The football team showed a lot of character in coming back from a slow start to win its final four games and post a 5-4-1 record. M.B.A.'s matmen finished 3rd in the district and a strong eighth in the state.

The basketball team played much better than its 4-21 record might indicate. The young players improved with every game and by the end of the season the cagers were able to hold their own with almost anybody. Also, the track team, led by Shannon Leroy and Edwards Park, has young talent.

Individually, the Big Red had made great strides this year with its usual crop of fine stars. Greg McNair made the All-District basketball first team and Frank Garrison signed a grant-in-aid with Vanderbilt for his gridiron success. The soccer team was led by enthusiastic All-Stater Dick Klausner. Diminutive Mike Cohen, the *Tennessean's* N.I.L. Wrestler of the Year was state champion in his weight class with an undefeated record.

In the spring sports, first baseman Garnett Reid's amazing clutch hitting and Robert Harris' pitching form the backbone of the team. High-jump star Shannon Leroy continues to seek local and state records for the track team. The golf team is led by consistent David McAllister, and Gil Templeton heads up the tennis team.

The great amount of young



Delvaux anchors relay

talent on all of the Big Red teams is cause for optimism. Next year's senior class should form a good nucleus for the football and basketball teams. Larry Wiecek, Warren Johnson and Hill Granberry, just to mention a few, are potential football all-stars. Granberry and Steve Holt aid the cage squad in the winter.

Juniors-to-be Robert Harris, Johnny Parker, and Gil Templeton will no doubt star on the baseball, track, and tennis teams, respectively. A host of fine athletes in this year's freshman class round out the rosy picture of M.B.A.'s sports future.



Wampler curls for hurl

## Last Will and Testament...

(continue from page 11)

- I, Frank Smith, leave a large jar of Taster's Choice to Mrs. LeQuire.
- I, Andy Stumb, leave my raincoat to Joel Koenig.
- I, Steve Summers, leave my red hat, my police car and my great police talent to my brother.
- I, Spence Sutton, do hereby leave my vast record collection to Stanlee Callis.
- I, Sam Tinsley, hereby leave M.B.A., knowing that there will be more athletic supporters for/in next year's class.
- I, Bill Van Cleave, hope I leave nothing; if I do, please send it to me General Delivery Memphis, Tennessee 38112.
- I, Peter van Eys, do leave my library card bunk and pillow to next year's bored students.
- I, Tim Vaughn, leave my shoes to Marvin.
- I, John Wampler, leave a vast compendium of useless historical trivia to Mr. Ridgway.
- I, Kelly Wright, leave my Whoop-ay-Doopay to Rupert Palmer and my empty bottles to Mrs. Hollins.

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